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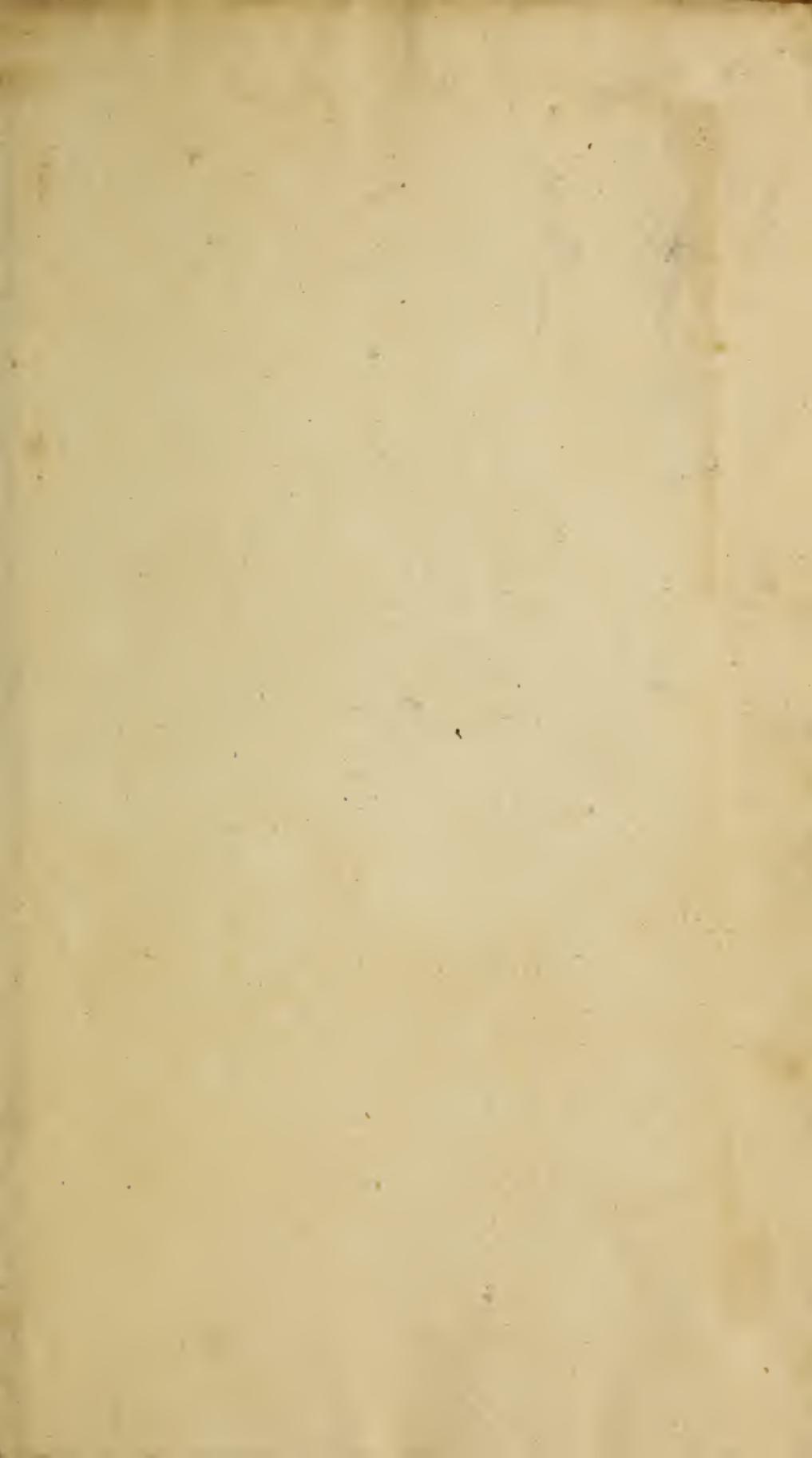
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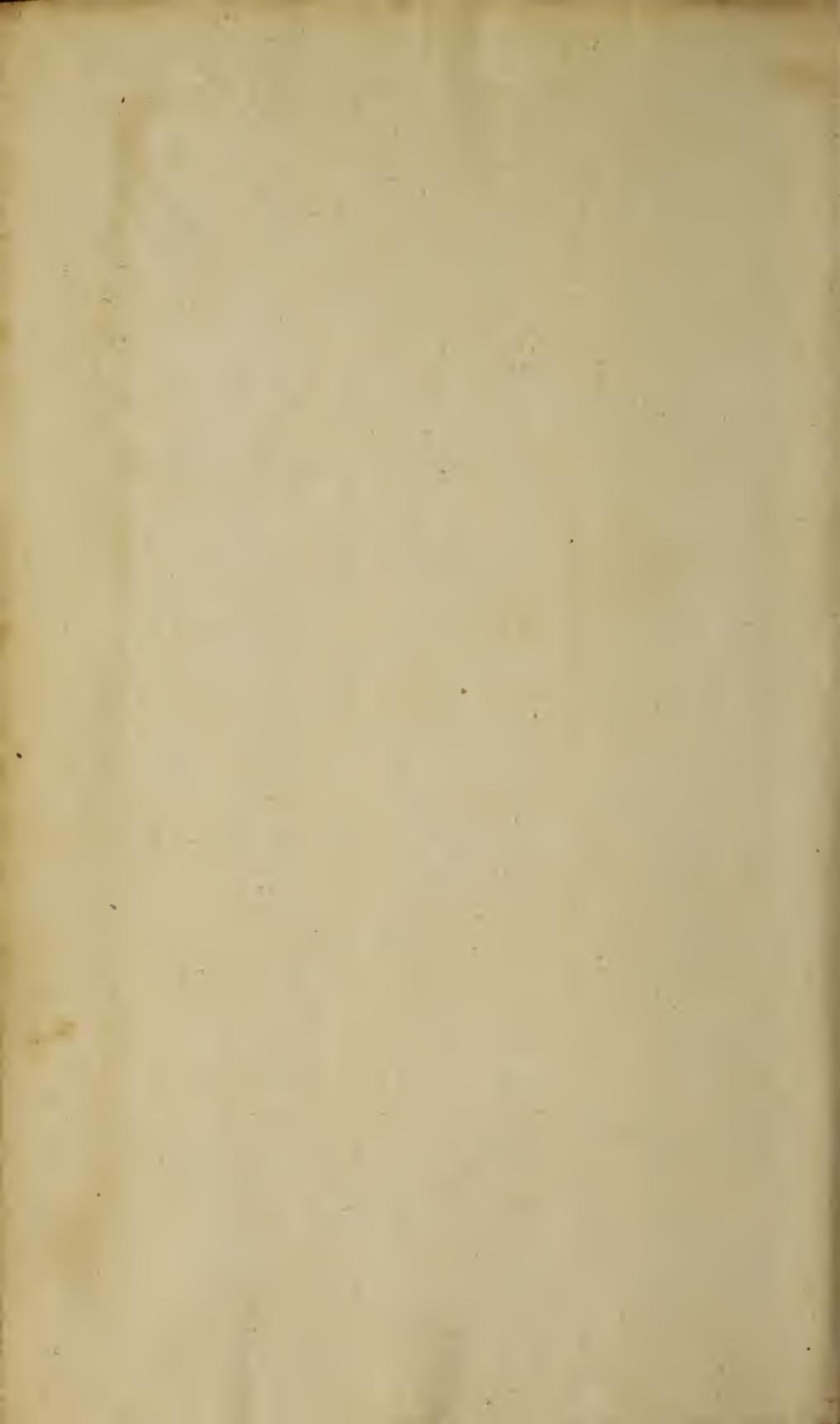
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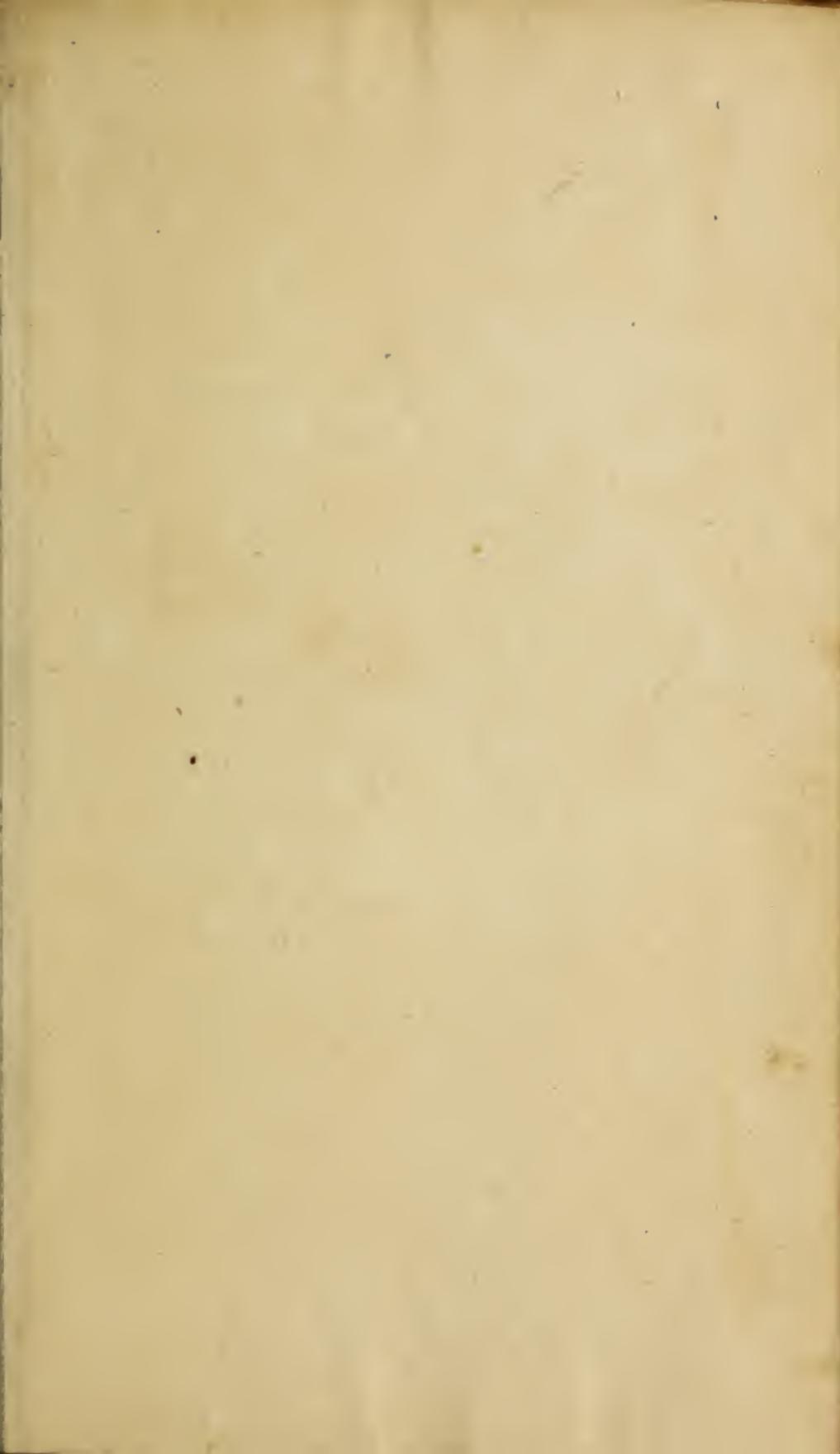
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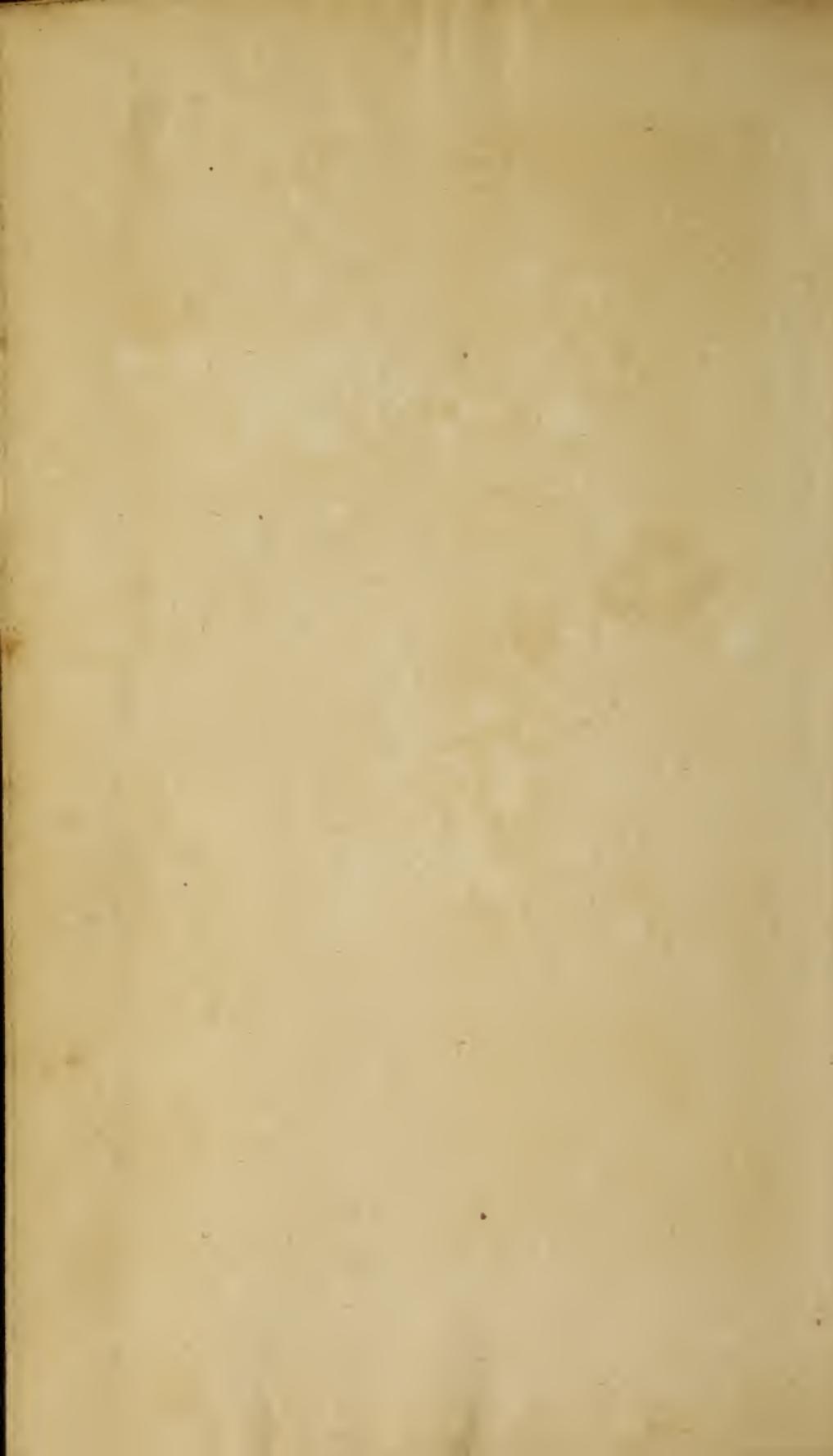
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CONSCIENCE.

"There lie for ever here" the Murderer said;
And when his Need comprehend on the dead.





P O E M S, JUN 10 1936 SACRED AND MORAL.

B Y

THOMAS GISBORNE, M. A.

“ I would not trifle merely, though the world
“ Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.”

COWPER.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.

1803.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY HARROWBY,
THE FOLLOWING
POEMS
ARE,
WITH GREAT RESPECT,
ESTEEM, AND REGARD,
INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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P O E M S,

SACRED AND MORAL.

CONSCIENCE.

“ **T**HERE—lie for ever there—” the Murderer said ;
And prest his heel contemptuous on the dead—
“ No terrors haunt the well-concerting mind !
“ Vengeance my aim, thy gold I leave behind :
“ Clutch’d in thy grasp be thy own knife survey’d—
“ Thus—so may death self-sought thy name degrade !
“ My steel, that did the deed, this lake shall hide—
“ Hence—rust beneath the all-concealing tide—

“ The long descent these mounting bubbles tell—
“ Down ; down—still deeper—to the fancied Hell.
“ But why this needless care?—The wretch unknown—
“ My garment bloodless—no man heard him groan—
“ Nor He, the fabled Monarch of the skies—”
He spoke, and fix'd on heaven his iron eyes.

No terrors haunt the well-concerting mind !—
Say’st thou, when March unchains the midnight wind ?
When the full blast, as Alp-descending Po
Whirls through the rocky streight the liquid snow,
Down the vale driving with resistless course,
Pours on thy walls its congregated force ;
When tottering chimnies bellow o'er thy head,
And the floor quakes beneath thy sleepless bed ?

No terrors haunt thee!—Say’st thou, when the storm
Bids all its horrors, each in wildest form,
From adverse climes on wings of thunder haste,
And close around thee on the naked waste :

Bids at each flash untimely night retire,
And opes and shuts the living vault of fire :
When from each bursting cloud the arrowy flame
Seems at thy central breast to point its aim ;
While crash on crash redoubles from on high,
As though the shatter'd fabric of the sky
Were hurl'd in hideous ruin through the air,
To whelm the guilty wretch whom lightnings spare ?

No terrors haunt thee !—Lo, 'tis Winter's reign :
His broad hand, plunging in the Atlantic main,
Lifts into mountain piles the boiling deep,
And bounds with vales of death each billowy
steep.

Now, when thy bark, the dire ascent surpast,
Turns to the black abyfs the downward mast ;
In that dread pause, while yet the dizzy prow
Poised on the verge o'erhangs the gulph below ;
Now press thy conscious bosom, and declare
If guilt has raised no throbs of terror there.

Still art thou proof?—In sleep I see thee laid :
Dreams by the past inspired thy sleep invade.
Houseless and drear a plain expands in view :
There travels one like him thy fury flew :
Couch'd in the brake, a ruffian from his den
Starts forth, and acts thy bloody deed again :
Like thine his mien, like thine his iron stare
Fix'd in defiance on the vault of air.
Lo, as secure he quits the unplunder'd dead,
Wide-weltering seas of fire before him spread :
With frenzied step he hurries to the shore,
Shrieks, plunges headlong, and is seen no more !

Thou wak'st, and smil'st in scorn!—Has Heaven
no dart
Potent to reach that adamantine heart?
Yes. He, whose viewless gales the forest bend,
Whose feeblest means attain the mightiest end,
Touches the secret spring that opes the cell
Where Conscience lurks, and flumbersome horrors dwell.

Lo, as the wretch his careless path pursues,
Struck by his foot a rusted knife he views.
In thought the blade conceal'd from mortal eyes
Beneath the lake his troubled soul descries.
In wild dismay his clouded senses swim ;
Cold streams of terror bathe each shivering limb :
Then with new fires in every nerve he burns ;
To earth, to heaven, each flashing eyeball turns ;
Buries with frantic hand the avenging knife
Deep in his breast, and renders life for life.

FUTURITY.

BEHOLD yon seaman from the o'erhanging shore
Imagined lands across the main explore.
Dim specks and formless lines, with straining gaze,
Lost in the faint horizon's twinkling haze,
Uncertain of its mark his eye pursues ;
Nor knows if hills, or fogs, or clouds it views.
Lead but his faltering powers to Wisdom's light,
Through Herschel's wond'rous tube direct his sight ;
Clear o'er the wave the purple mountains rise,
And seem to penetrate the stooping skies.

Tir'd of the present, reckless of the past,
With wistful glances to the future cast ;
Man, tost in changeful thought, with hope elate,
Wavering, dejected, ponders on his fate :—

“ Teach me, great Nature ! Yields the soul to Death ;
“ Or seeks new regions with the parting breath ?—
“ And what new region ?—And must Guilt despair ?—
“ Or how, if Justice reign, reigns Mercy there ?”—
In syllogistic hood conjecture veils ;
Proves moral laws in metaphysic scales ;
Hears adverse reasonings noisy warfare wage,
Fool refute fool, and sage encounter sage ;
Sees darkness thicken o'er his closing span :
And Fear concludes the search that Doubt began.
Heaven-taught, again he meditates the tomb :
Beams evangelic dissipate the gloom.
What scenes unfold ! “ Hail, opening bliss !” he cries,
While tears of rapture tremble in his eyes :
“ Graved on that mystic Crofs I read, ‘ Forgive !’
“ Lo ! a Redeemer dies that I may live :
“ Lo ! rising Saints attest the vanquish'd grave :
“ Lo ! grace to renovate, a God to save.
“ Adieu to fear, uncertainty, and strife :
“ Hail, hail, ye glories of immortal life !”

FORTITUDE.

Its wings around the yielding town *

The victor host unfurl'd—

“ And shall my shame,” said Cato, “ crown

“ The conquest of the world ?

“ Unarm'd, bareheaded, on the sands

“ Shall I the tyrant meet ?

“ Shall I be dragg'd by servile hands

“ To crouch at Cæsar's feet ?

“ Shall I, the jest of gazing Rome,
“ Swell his triumphal pride ?
“ Be life and shame the coward’s doom——”
He grasp’d the sword, and died.

Unpitied Louis groan’d forlorn,
While murderous Hate decreed
In the broad eye of public scorn
His destined head to bleed.

Malice, afraid to lose her prey,
Watch’d o’er his forfeit breath ;
And snatch’d with jealous haste away
Each instrument of death *.

“ Unknown the temper of my soul,”
He cries, “ ye seize the knife.
“ A stronger Power than man’s control
“ For you shall guard my life.

* See Clery’s Journal de ce qui s’est passé à la Tour du Temple pendant la captivité de Louis XVI. A Londres, 1798.

“ Let Paris, while she rears the block,

“ With exultation ring ;

“ And send her myriads forth to mock

“ Him that was once her King !

“ O, never shall this hand profane

“ The faith to God it owes.

“ Thou bid’st me, Heaven, the life retain

“ Thy will as yet bestows !”

Lo here the Fortitude compared

That Truth and Error give !

’Twas but to die the Roman dared :

The Christian dares to live.

EQUITY.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm :
The frame thy scornful looks deride
Requir'd a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars He made
To all his Creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

The Crown to awe, the Rod to smite,
Is Man's by law divine :
But sacred be each humbler right
That clashes not with thine !

Let savage prowlers of the wood,
With thirst of hunger bold ;
Let poisonous foes, by land or flood ;
Let plunderers of thy fold ;

Let pilferers of thy hoarded grain,
To justice victims die :
But injure not the *harmless* train
That creep, or walk, or fly.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive :
O, do not lightly take away
The Life thou canst not give !

LIFE.

A SOLDIER's course from battles won
To new-commencing strife ;
A Pilgrim's restless as the sun :
Behold the Christian's life !

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus ! stand.
Pilgrim of Christ ! with ready feet
Await thy Lord's command.

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil :
How can thy warfare close ?
Lonely thou tread'st a foreign soil :
How canst thou hope repose ?

Seek, Soldier, Pilgrim, seek thine home,
Reveal'd in sacred lore ;
The land whence Pilgrims never roam,
Where Soldiers war no more :

Where Grief shall never wound, nor Death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign :
Nor Sin with pestilential breath
His holy realm profane :

The land where, Suns and Moons unknown,
And Night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day :

The land, for Heaven its bliss unseen
Bids earthly types suggest ;
Where healing leaves and fadeless green
Fruit-laden groves invest :

Where Founts of Life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease ;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace :

Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where Grace achieves its plan :
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

S T A N Z A S

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN A TOWER COMMANDING AN EXTENSIVE PROSPECT.

SEE, the long beams of dawning light
With dewy silver gem the plain ;
Kindle the vapoury mountain's height,
And spread with gold the crimson main—

—Why bid the fires of Morning hail,
The misty pageant of an hour ?
See Noon through cloudless ether fail,
And panting Nature own her power.

But lo ! the pride of Noon decays.
What flames the brow of Eve invest !
See earth and heaven, a boundless blaze :
See Nature hail the peerless West !

Behold, the gorgeous vision flies :
See, see the last expiring ray !—
O, why the passing glory prize,
Nor think on realms of endless day ?

Morn yields to Noon, and Noon to Eve.—
O Father ! let my heart be placed
Less on the world I soon must leave,
And more on that to which I haste.

S T A N Z A S TO A CHURCH-BELL.

SONOROUS Brats of changeful power,
Now whirl'd amain, now swinging slow,
Alike prepared to hail the hour
Of hope or fear, of joy or woe !

When Sabbath-tracks to prayer invite,
Or babes acquire a Christian's name,
Or Wedlock's holy ties unite,
Thy notes the festival proclaim.

And when unbodied spirits fly,
Thy knell reveals the parting breath ;
And when the lifted bier draws nigh,
Conducts it to the vault of death.

When rebecks greet the jocund wake,
Or May-day wreaths perfume the plain ;
The labouring spire thy carols shake,
And rouse to mirth the village train.

When gleamy fires the corn-stack climb,
Or flames the sinking roof invade ;
In quick alarm thy backward chime
On distant hamlets calls for aid.

When Jervis lops the flying host ;
When Howe or Duncan * shouts “ Destroy ! ”
Thy clang ing peals from coast to coast
Explosive bear a people’s joy.

And when to Henry’s hallow’d ground †
In fable pomp shall George be borne ;
Thy muffled strokes in broken sound
Shall tell how boding nations mourn.

* These lines were written antecedently to the glorious victory obtained by Rear-Admiral Nelson over the French Fleet near the Mouths of the Nile. Providence, however, during the course of the present war, has not only blessed His Majesty’s Naval Commanders with such signal wisdom and valour, but has also crowned that wisdom and valour with such extraordinary successes ; that a Writer, who, in order to illustrate or to dignify his subject, incidentally notices the merits of some of these distinguished Officers, must find it impossible to select names for his purpose without omitting others equally entitled to the most honourable commemoration.

† Henry the Seventh’s Chapel, the burying-place of the kings of Great Britain.

Emblem of man's uncertain tongue,
That owns each varying passion's sway ;
From hope to fear, from plaint to song,
Transferr'd within one little day !

Sonorous Brafs, let grief or joy,
Let sober truth or wild pretence,
Or hope or fear thy tones employ ;
Alike in thee 'tis innocence.

Not so, when man's uncertain voice
Conspires to aid the foul intent,
Pursues unawed its headstrong choice,
By malice urged, on vengeance bent ;

With rage o'erwhelms, with guile betrays,
The living wounds, defames the dead,
Love with envenom'd scorn repays,
With curses loads a brother's head ;

The Power, whose nod is fate, defies,
Disdains his mercy, braves his ire,
Scoffs the bright mansions of the skies,
And Hell's blue lakes of endless fire.

O, when the Dead of every age,
For Judgement ranged in order due,
In Accusation's open page
Each “idle word” recorded view *;

What crowds shall wish their tongues, like thee,
Had but perform'd a mimic's part ;
Had moved from conscious meaning free,
Nor told the language of the heart !

* “ I say unto you, that every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgement.” Matth. chap xii. ver. 36.

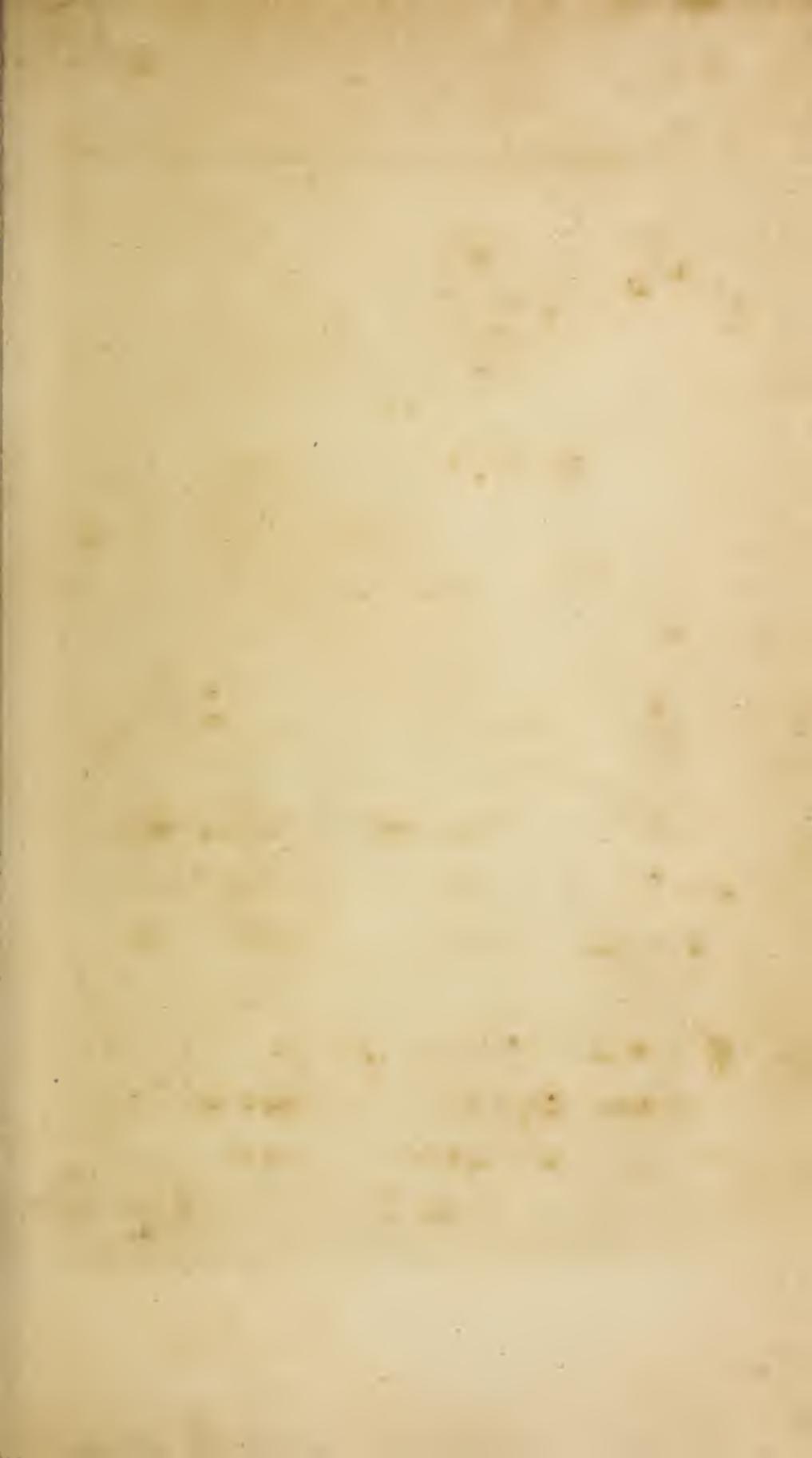
THE

BIRTHDAY-EVE.

O'er the Lake's placid bosom, for hush'd was the
night,

With its fires all unclouded the Firmament glow'd ;
And saw kindred fires dart an emulous light,
Deep sunk in their fathomless crystal abode.

No screech-owl disturb'd the repose of the wood ;
No watch-dog foreboded disquiet and harm ;
No torrent, in cataracts hurling its flood,
With Fancy's calm dreams blended noise and alarm.





I stand by yon rock, nor uncheck'd nor unprast,
As from the half unmeasured evenglow we hear

One streamlet remote, from the margin that fell,
On the ear stealing soft in low murmur complain'd:
Yet the murmur but seem'd the more clearly to tell
By a contrast so gentle the stillness that reign'd.

A sound by yon rock, nor uncheck'd nor supprest,
As from lips half unconscious escaping was heard;
Then, as rapt meditation expanded the breast,
Clear, strong, and unbroken the descant recurr'd.

“ Yes, Morn, when emergent she crimsons the sea,
“ And Noon, throned on high when she scorches
“ the plain,
“ And Eve, when she fades from each glimmering
“ tree,
“ And Night, with new worlds when she spangles
“ her train :

“ All, glorious all ! Hark, in turn they declare
“ The fount, whence the tide of resplendency
“ flows !
“ How glorious they in their mansions of air !
“ How glorious He, who such glory bestows !

“ On the wings of the whirlwind He measures the
“ sky,
“ Now viewless in light, now in darkness array’d ;
“ O'er Creation expands his unslumbering eye,
“ And in wisdom controls what in wisdom he made.

“ He bids the red thunderbolt sleep in its cloud,
“ While calmly it floats o'er the head of the just ;
“ But wings it with rage at the crest of the proud,
“ Brings him down, lays him low, brings him down
“ to the dust.

“ King of Kings, Lord of Lords, God of heav'n, as
“ of earth,
“ Supreme, as in wisdom, in might and in love !
“ Thy sheltering hand overshadow'd my birth,
“ And hung o'er my childhood a shield from above.

“ When borne on the treacherous current of youth,
Thy love steer'd my bark, and made tranquil the
“ stream ;
“ Unfolded benignant the lamp of thy Truth,
“ And bade me, tho' trembling, rejoice in the beam.

“ To the bright shore of Manhood when eager I flew,
“ And, with novelty charm’d, the gay landscape
“ survey’d ;
“ To a lone valley pointing thy Love bade me view
“ How soft was the verdure, how peaceful the shade ;

“ Bade my feet from its confines aspire not to stray,
“ Bade me trace its pure brook, nor the streamlet
“ disdain ;
“ Bade me learn (may I learn !) from the emblem
“ my way
“ In silence to hold, yet to hold not in vain.

“ O Father ! for now from her orbit the year,
“ Ere yon fires set again, shall her speed have with-
“ drawn ;
“ And another with pinions unfurl’d her career
“ Stands prepared to begin at the peep of the
dawn ;

“ O, frown not, her tribute while gratitude pays,
“ And hails Thee with rapture the Lord of her doom ;
“ If Hope, still confiding, her accent should raise,
“ And plead with Thee, Father, for mercy to
come !

“ Be the year now at hand as the day that is past!—
“ As the Sun rose this morn in calm lustre array’d,
“ So rise the new year by no grief overcast,
“ No turbulent storm of misfortune dismay’d!

“ On the splendour of noon no obscurity stole,
“ Save the dim flitting cloud, that but temper’d
“ the ray:
“ So if Sorrow must darken the months as they roll,
“ O, mild be her shadows, and passing her fway!

“ As the Moonlight now slumbers on wood, hill, and plain,
“ And in silence the winds and the waters repose;
“ So may Peace shed her beams on the year in its wane,
“ So bright be its evening, so tranquil its close!

“ And when morn and eve I no longer behold,
“ When days, months, and years, Lord, I number
“ no more;
“ In the arms of thy mercy thy servant enfold,
“ Thy Works to contemplate, thy Name to adore!

“ Oh! cleansed in His blood, who on Calvary groan’d,
“ In His merits array’d my unworthiness see ;
“ For the least of his brethren * thy Son hath aton’d :
“ Be through ages eternal a Father to me !”

* “ He is not ashamed to call them brethren.” Heb. ii. 11.

THE SUN.

PRIME lustre, bright emblem of Bounty Supreme,
Who crownedst the glow of Creation's gay dawn ;
King of Planets, that sparkle adorn'd by thy beam,
Or fade into gloom from thy presence withdrawn !
While millions of eyes on thy Majesty gaze,
From worlds beyond worlds amid ether that roll :
O, shake not the fires on thy forehead that blaze,
And ascribe to thyself what was made for the whole.

From the throne whence thou guidest obedient spheres,
O, scorn not the frail generations of man.
What if threescore and ten be the term of his years ?
Lo ! thousands, or myriads, number thy span.
Why exult o'er yon orbs that in ether's wide sea
Around thee for ages their circuit have trod ?
“ They shine but with radiance borrow'd from Me ! ”
And thou but with radiance borrow'd from God !

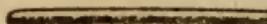
Exult then, O Sun, in the pride of thy sway,
As from sleep springs a Giant elate in his might :
With power undisguised awe the regions of Day ;
By the Moon, thy fair delegate, govern the Night.
Yet here, in this bosom, an inmate resides,
An ethereal spark, of flame purer than thine ;
Illumined by Him, who o'er Nature presides,
Who bade me adore, and ordain'd thee to shine.

When the Soul, all extinct her ethereal fire,
In Guilt's murky labyrinth lay down to die ;
The Saviour beheld her, and, quenching his ire
In Mercy's bright fountain, He stoop'd from the sky.
On Golgotha bleeding,—thou sawst it aghast,—
Thou sawst it, and horror o'erclouded thy face,—
On Golgotha bleeding, He pardon'd the past ;
And shower'd on her darkness the splendours of
Grace.

Alas ! If, absorb'd in pollutions of clay,
Beams of love shed from Heaven profanely she spurn'd ;
How blest, could she fade with thy perishing ray,
And with thy sinking orb into Nothing return !
But how blest if, my Saviour, renew'd by Thy light,
She springs at Thy call from defilement below,
With Seraphs for ever, while suns set in night,
For ever, for ever and ever, to glow !

O D E *

TO THE HARP OF COWPER.



WHILE empty sounds incessant ring
From many a human lyre ;
Why, Harp of Cowper, sleeps thy string,
Touch'd with ethereal fire ?

Unchased by yonder feeble sun,
Have vapours dank of earth
Quench'd, ere thy master's course be run,
That spark of heavenly birth ?

* Written about the end of the summer of 1798.

The spark from Heaven can never die.—

Has then the hallow'd flame,
Of mortals weary, sought the sky,
Returning whence it came ?

No, never shalt thou mourn the blaze
From thy vibrations fled.

Lo, still its lambent glory plays
Around thy master's head.

Seest thou forlorn thy master stand
Pierced by the shaft of pain ?
Hath slow disease unnerved the hand,
That woke thy holy strain ?

Yes, Pain hath bent and twang'd her bow,
And launch'd her keenest dart :
And pale disease with footstep slow
Hath mined thy master's heart.

O, soon may He, whose face more bright
The clouds of woe reveal,
Recal the eye's declining light,
The wounded spirit heal!

Yet, for his hidden ways in vain
Our labouring thoughts explore ;
Perchance He wills thy holy strain
To sound on earth no more.

In sleep then unrepining lie,
If such be Heaven's decree,
Till, for "the twinkling of an eye" *,
Thy master sleep with thee.

A little while thy sleep prolong,
Till hence with him removed :
Then wake to raise the eternal song
Before the God he loved.

* 1 Cor. ch. xv. ver. 20.

O D E

TO THE MEMORY OF

*WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. **

I. 1.

“ SERAPH !”—from Heaven’s eternal throne
Slow the solemn accents roll ——
“ Thou, by whose hand on David’s favor’d soul
“ Through clouds of grief my mercy shone :
“ To him, whom now ’tis thine to guard,
“ A blessing in affliction’s form convey.
“ Go, gently on the Christian Bard
“ The wand of sorrow lay.”

I. 2.

The obedient Spirit flies.
Aid to Salvation’s heirs ordain’d to lend,
Ministrant hosts his flight attend.
Hark to the song that rends the skies !

* Written in the Spring of 1890.

“ From the flame’s refining power
“ More pure the gold of Ophir flows :
“ From affliction’s fiery hour
“ More bright the Christian’s virtue glows.
“ Bard, lov’d of Heaven ! thy Saviour’s face
“ Though clouds and darkness hide ;
“ ’Tis but a moment. Canst thou doubt his
“ grace ?
“ For thee the Saviour died.”

I. 3.

Around the unconscious Bard with pitying gaze
The heavenly squadrons stand.
With pealing swell and solemn pause
He sings the Great Redeemer’s praise.
Nigh the raptur’d Seraph draws :
With smiles of love he waves his hand ;
And cries, “ ’Tis Mercy,” while he lays
On COWPER’s brow the wand.
With nerves unstrung, and aspect pale,
The son of sorrow lies :
And sad and wildering visions sail
Before his vacant eyes.

II. 1.

“ Seraph ! ”—from God’s eternal throne,
Hark, the dread behest again !
“ The gold is tried : bid cease my servant’s pain :
“ Go, make the Heaven he sang his own.”
—“ Secure thy Truth, untired thy Love,
“ Parent of Good ! ” angelic hymns reply,
“ To Saints that live in bliss above,
“ To Saints below that die.”

II. 2.

On Sorrow’s couch reclined
Behold the Bard ! Mark ye the beamless glance
Wide-wandering flow in dizzy trance ;
The sigh that speaks the wounded mind ?
Weak his hand ; yet still it strays,
Sweet lyre ! athwart thy hallow’d frame :
Faint his voice ; yet still would raise
In broken tones his Saviour’s name.
Seraph ! O, haste the glad command—
“ In blifs,” he cries, “ repose.”
The Christian sinks : behold an angel hand
The stiffening eyelid close !

II. 3.

“ Servant of God !”—through Heaven the sounds
are spread—

“ Servant of God ! well done.

“ Thy warfare’s past, thy toil is o’er :

“ Visions of woe no longer dread.

“ Moon and star thou need’st no more,

“ Nor yonder perishable fun :

“ The night of earthly noons is fled,

“ The eternal day ’s begun.

“ Thy Master calls.”—“ Awake, awake,”
Proclaims the Incarnate Word ;

“ Servant of God ! well done : partake

“ The glories of thy Lord.”

THE
DYING INDIAN:
AN ODE.



P R E F A C E.



AN American Indian, when captured in war by savages of another tribe, is commonly tortured to death by fire. In that case, after previously enduring much barbarous usage, he is finally fastened to the stake; and sings, while burning, his death-song. The general tenor of the death-songs may appear by the following extracts from Carver's Travels into the interior parts of North America, 2d edit. p. 337—341.

“ The prisoners destined to death are soon led to
“ the place of execution, which is generally in the
“ centre of the camp or village; where, being
“ stripped, and every part of their body blackened,
“ the skin of a crow or raven is fixed on their
“ heads. They are then bound to a stake with

“ faggots heaped around them ; and obliged, for
“ the last time, to sing their death-song. The
“ warriors, for such it is only who commonly
“ suffer this punishment, now perform in a more
“ prolix manner this sad solemnity. They recount,
“ with an audible voice, all the brave actions they
“ have performed ; and pride themselves in the
“ number of enemies they have killed. In this
“ rehearsal they spare not even their tormentors ;
“ but strive, by every provoking tale they can in-
“ vent, to irritate and insult them.”

“ An Indian, who was under the hands of his
“ tormentors, had the audacity to tell them, that
“ they were ignorant old women, and did not know
“ how to put brave prisoners to death. He ac-
“ quainted them that he had heretofore taken some
“ of their warriors ; and instead of the trivial
“ punishments they had inflicted on him, he had
“ devised for them the most excruciating torments :
“ that, having bound them to a stake, he had stuck
“ their bodies full of sharp splinters of turpentine
“ wood, to which he then set fire ; and dancing
“ around them, enjoyed the agonizing pangs of the
“ flaming victims.”—

Of another Indian, tortured to death in his presence, he speaks thus: “ During this time he “ sung his warlike exploits. He recapitulated “ every stratagem he had made use of to surprise “ his enemies : he boasted of the quantity of scalps “ he possessed ; and enumerated the prisoners he “ had taken. He then described the different “ barbarous methods by which he had put them to “ death ; and seemed even then to receive incon- “ ceivable pleasure from the recital of the horrid “ tale. But he dwelt more particularly on the “ cruelties he had practised on such of the kindred “ of his present tormentors as had fallen into his “ hands: endeavouring by these aggravated insults “ to induce them to increase his torments, that he “ might be able to give greater proofs of fortitude. “ Even in the last struggles of life, when he was “ no longer able to vent in words the indignant “ provocation his tongue would have uttered, a “ smile of mingled scorn and triumph sat on his “ countenance.”—

The Indian ideas of futurity are thus described. “ They doubt not but they shall exist in some future “ state. They however fancy that their employ-

“ ments there will be similar to those they are
“ engaged in here, without the labour and diffi-
“ culty annexed to them in this period of their
“ existence. They consequently expect to be trans-
“ lated to a delightful country, where they shall
“ always have a clear unclouded sky, and enjoy a
“ perpetual spring; where the forests will abound
“ with game, and the lakes with fish, which might
“ be taken without requiring a painful exertion of
“ skill, or a laborious pursuit.—But they expect
“ that these pleasures will be proportioned and dis-
“ tributed according to their merit. The skilful
“ hunter, the bold and successful warrior, will be
“ entitled to a greater share, than those who,
“ through indolence or want of skill, cannot boast
“ of any superiority over the common herd.”
(Ibid.)

THE
DYING INDIAN:
AN ODE.

I. I.

“ **W**hy pause before I burn ?
“ Your torments I defy !
“ Convoke your chiefs, from me to learn
“ How Mohawk Warriors die.”
Impatient torture hail’d the morn :
The stake was rear’d, the captive bound :
The smouldering faggot slowly blaz’d.
Age and youth assembled round
With taunting aspect gazed ;
While thus, retorting scorn for scorn,
The song of death he raised.

I. 2.

“ Pale at the sight of blood,
“ Ye Women-Chiefs, go hunt some helpless prey !
“ Lurk for the marten, traps for fables lay,
“ Or spear the beaver plunging in the flood :
“ But, Cowards, well beware
“ The wolf or rugged bear !
“ Vilest of the Indian name,
“ Children, that tremble at a Mohawk’s frown ;
“ Unskill’d with glorious pangs to crown
“ The dying Warrior’s fame !

I. 3.

“ Is this your vaunted art ?
“ Is this to act the Torturer’s part ?
“ Go, rival a Mosquito’s smart !
“ Your bravest chiefs of yore
“ I seized : their flesh my burning pincers tore .
“ Round them I wove the glowing cane :
“ Red splinters pierced each hissing vein :

“ While from my back, in bloody triumph hung,
“ Scalps of their slaughter’d brethren swung.
“ The Woods return’d their moan.
“ I watch’d the writhing limb,
“ Saw the rack’d eyeball swim,
“ And laugh’d at every groan !

II. I.

“ Prepare to meet their fate.
“ See Mohawk vengeance rise !
“ Your race I doom to Mohawk hate !
“ Lo, swift as lightning flies,
“ My sons your sculking wiles have crofs’d :
“ The wood they scour, the swamp, the glen :
“ I see the shortlived fray !
“ Wood and hill and trackless fen
“ Echo your wild dismay.
“ Cowards ! your scorched bones are tofs’d
“ Of Mohawk dogs the prey.

II. 2.

“ Behind yon mountains blue,
“ Clear to the valiant, to the coward’s eye
“ Hung, a dim vapour, in the distant sky,
“ My fires the chase renew ;
“ And scenes of martial deed,
“ The dauntless Warrior’s meed.
“ There they mark your servile race
“ To women’s toils, the coward’s doom, consign
“ My Sires ! I come : we mount the wind,
“ And scoff at their disgrace !”

II. 3.

He spoke, he laugh’d, he died.
“ Hail, my unequall’d Son,” said Pride.
“ Not so ;” a voice from Heaven replied.
“ Is He the truly brave,
“ Victor of pain, but thine and passion’s slave ?

“ His holy head see Stephen bow :
“ See meekness calm his angel brow *.
“ Around see Malice scowl, see Vengeance glare † ;
“ See Rage the murderous stones prepare ;
“ And Saul the garments keep.
“ Hark !—‘ Lord, their sin forgive !
‘ My spirit, Lord, receive !—’
“ He spake, and fell asleep.”

* “ They saw his face as it had been the face of an Angel.”
Acts, ch. vi. ver. 15.

† See Acts, ch. vii. ver. 57, to the end.

THE
REFORMATION:
AN ODE.

I.

“ ’T is mine, the sway from pole to pole—”
 Attend ! ’tis Superstition’s boast—
 “ The sceptre mine that awes the soul
 “ In Lapland wilds, on India’s coast.
 “ Caffraia’s trembling chiefs to Me
 “ And Gambian monarchs bow the servile knee.
 “ My rites thy countless multitudes, Cathay,
 “ And Nipon’s bloody isles obey.

“ Before his monster-idols prone,
“ Or Lama’s never vacant throne,
“ The Tartar crouches to my rod.
“ Columbia’s savage at my nod
“ Cries to the Spirit of the midnight wood,
“ Or sooths the fancied Power that thunders in the
 “ flood.

II.

“ But chief o’er Thee, once dreaded Foe,
 “ Thee, self-proclaim’d the Eternal’s Son,
“ My favourite wreaths of triumph glow ;
 “ From Thee my fairest realms are won.
“ Thy harvests fill the wondering East—
“ I call my locust-armies to the feast *.
“ The living clouds from Arab deserts rise ;
“ And darkness wraps the noontide skies :
“ An Eden spreads before their face ;
“ Behind, a naked wilderness.

* *Revelations, chap. ix. ver. 1—11.*

“ Has aught escaped them? At my glance
 “ My Euphratéan Horse advance * ;
 “ From plain to plain in whirlwind havoc shoot,
 “ And grind with iron hoofs each desolated root.

III.

“ And now the adverse clime I greet †.
 “ There, central in thy new domain,
 “ His throne the exiled Dragon’s seat ‡,
 “ Behold my dread Vicegerent reign!
 “ Before him, lo! with rival zeal,
 “ Thy captives once, ten vassal monarchs kneel ||,

* *Revelations*, chap. ix. ver. 13, to the end.

† The Western Roman Empire; which was not converted to Christianity until some time after the establishment of the Gospel in the Eastern Empire.

‡ “ And the Dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority.” *Revelations*, chap. xiii. ver. 2.

|| “ And the ten kings—have one mind, and shall give their strength and power unto the beast.” *Revelations*, chap. xvii. ver. 12, 13. See also ver. 17, 18.

“ Bend to his foot the gold-encircled brow,
“ And as to Heaven in homage bow.
“ Sublime his triple crown he rears ;
“ Treads in the dust his vanquish'd peers * ;
“ With irreversible decree
“ Metes out the land, divides the sea † ;

* He is described as having “ A mouth speaking very great things, and a look more stout than his fellows.” Daniel, chap. vii. ver. 20.

† The Papal claims to dethrone sovereigns and distribute kingdoms are well known. The Pontiff Eugene IV. about the year 1438, issued a Bull granting to the Portuguese all the countries which they should discover from Cape Non in Africa to the confines of India. See Robertson's History of America, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 59—61. In the year 1493, Pope Alexander VI. made a similar grant of America to the Spanish monarchs. And, to prevent this grant from interfering with his predecessor's donation to Portugal, he drew an imaginary line along the sea from pole to pole an hundred leagues to the Westward of the Azores; and bestowed all to the East of this line on the Portuguese, and all to the West of it on the Spaniards. Ibid. p. 140.

“ Annuls thy laws, degrades thee with a nod,
“ And in Jehovah’s fane exalts himself as God *.

IV.

“ In him my delegated sway
“ Soon shall the farthest North adore,
“ And Adel’s plains of orient day,
“ And California’s evening shore ;
“ And Fuego join the firm accord,
“ Till Earth with all her tongues proclaim him Lord.
“ And Thou, who dar’st with Me the sceptre share—
“ What outcry shakes the stagnant air ?

* “ There shall come a falling away first, and that Man of Sin
“ be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth
“ himself above all that is called God, or is worshipped; *so that*
“ *he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that*
“ *He is God.*” 2 Thess. chap. ii. ver. 4. See also Revelations,
chap. xiii. ver. 6.; and Daniel, chap. vii. ver. 25.; and chap. xi.
ver. 36.

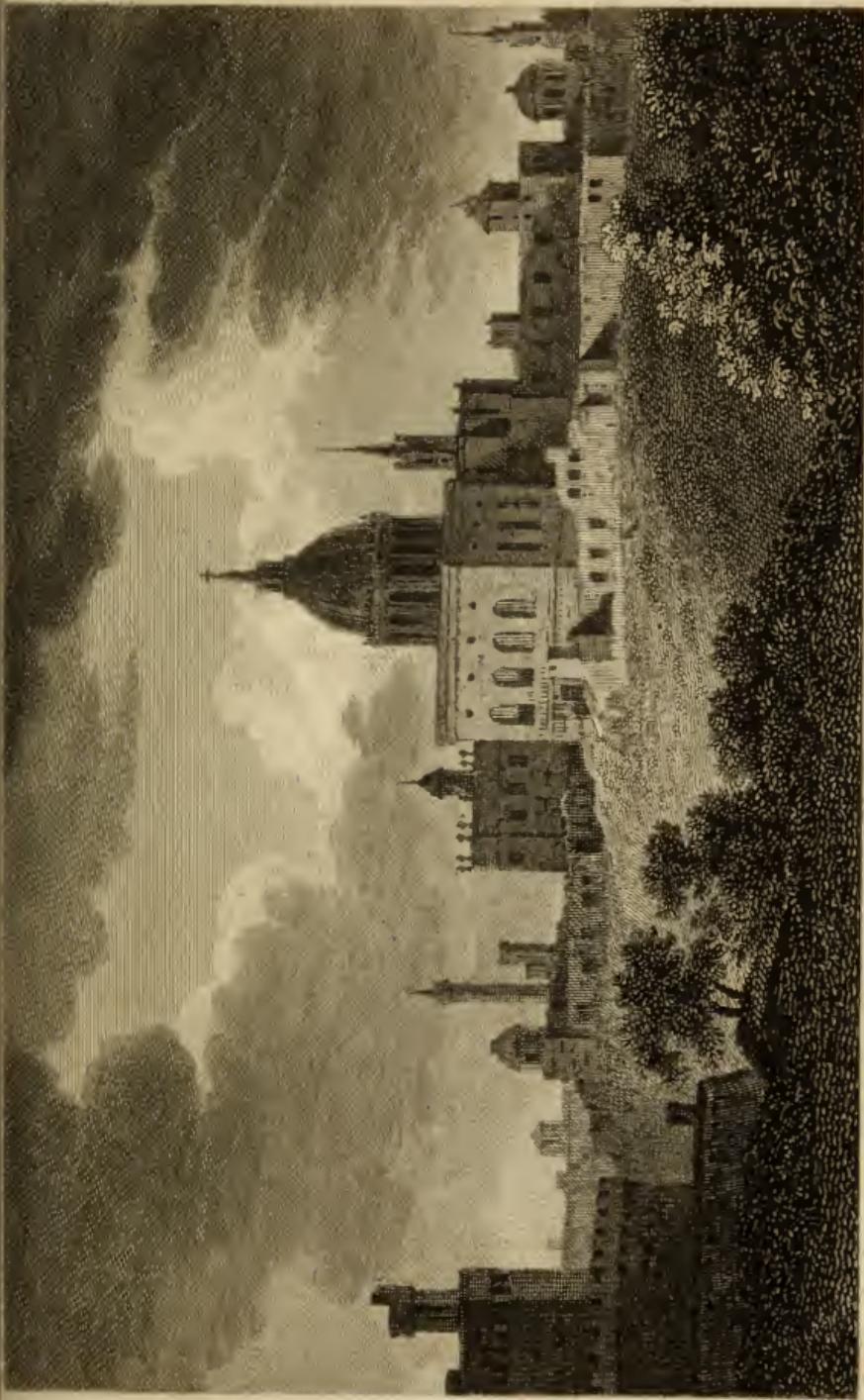
“ Why heaves and swells yon torpid deep ?
“ Ten thousand moons have seen it sleep !
“ Why undulates the stedfast ground ?”—
Amazed she eyes the regions round.
Then with instinctive dread her look she bends
Where her Vicegerent’s throne in hallow’d state
ascends.

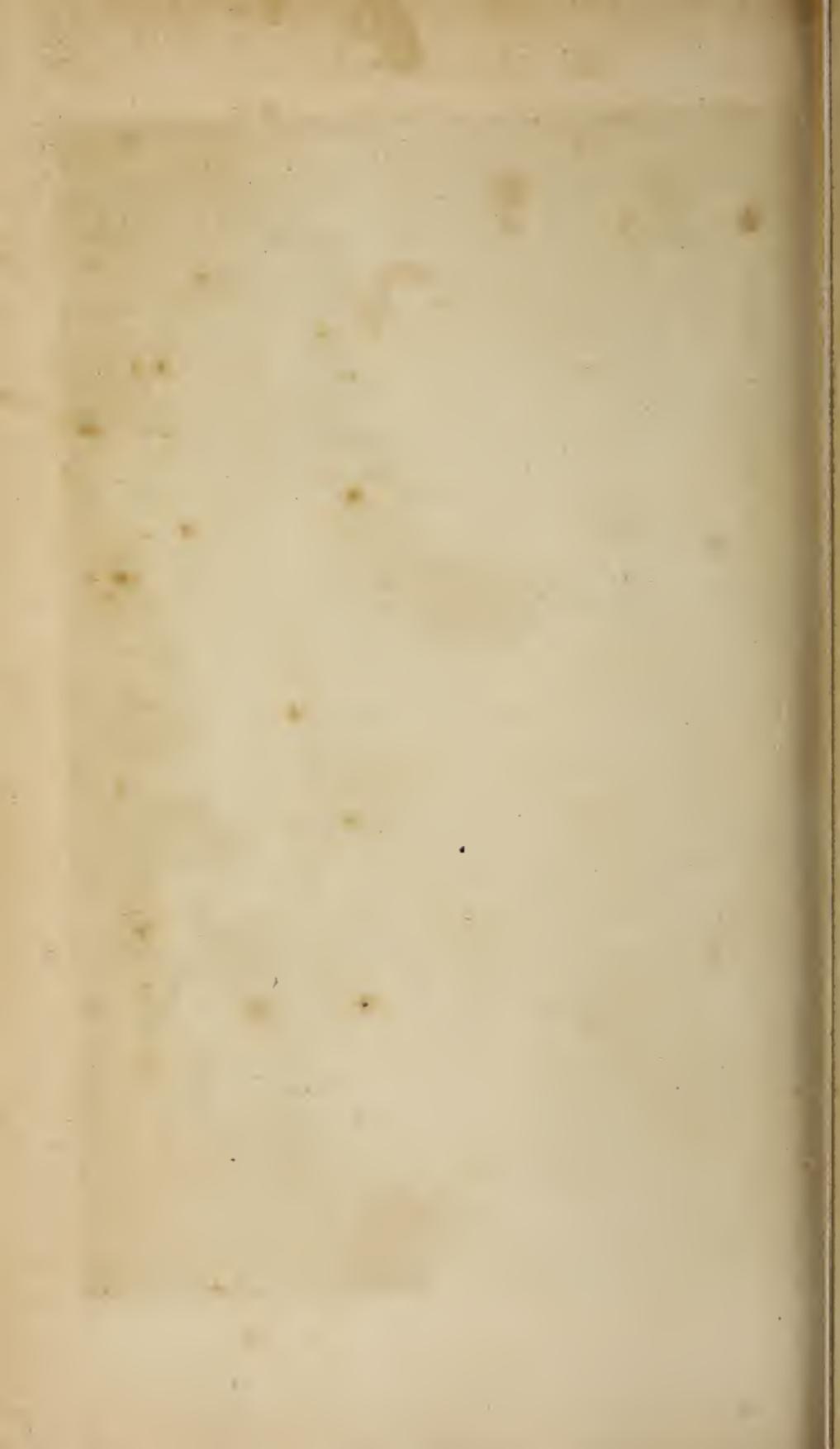
V.

On seven proud hills of old renown
The imperial fortress rears its crest * :
Around unnumber’d bulwarks frown ;
And terror chills the conscious West.
A lamb, fair sign of peace and love,
Trac’d in the broider’d banner floats above.
But mark the walls beneath ! The emblem vain
Waves o’er the scourge, the rack, the chain,

* See *Revelations*, chap. xvii. ver. 9. and 18.

*On green broad hills of old Roman
The Imperial Tomb's vain its Count.*





And nameless forms of torturing power :
And still to each embattled tower,
And each tall parapet along,
Fierce bands in sable armour throng :
And oft in flames the bolt of vengeance hurl'd
Uproots opposing thrones, and awes the prostrate world.

VI.

Even now behold the signs display'd
Of roused alarm, of vengeful ire !
Volumes of smoke the pile o'ershade ;
Each roaring turret pours its fire.
For lo, the keen-eyed Guards descry
In human guise an Angel Foe draw nigh !
Still as more fierce the vollied lightning glows,
His form dilates, his stature grows.
Nor spear nor sword he deigns to wield ;
Backward he flings his radiant shield :
Beside yon bulwark takes his stand ;
The buttress grasps with giant hand ;

Shakes, Sampson-like, the nodding towers amain,
And opes the mighty rent, that ne'er shall close again.

VII.

“ So wait, Abhorred Pile, thy fall—”
Ere yet anew he seeks the skies,
“ So nurse beneath thy ruin’d wall
“ ‘Thy serpent brood,’ the Victor cries.
“ So wait thy fall, so nurse thy brood
“ O’ergorged and drunk with Saints’ and Martyrs’
“ blood * ;
“ Till, closed the number’d years by Heaven assign’d †
“ The scorners of its law to blind,
“ And prove by more than Pagan rage
“ The votaries of the sacred page ;

* “ And I saw the Woman drunken with the blood of the
“ Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs of Jesus.” Rev.
ch. xvii. ver. 6.

† The 1260 years specified as the term of the Papal dominion.
Revelations, chap. xi. ver. 2, 3.—Chap. xii. ver. 6. 14.—Chap. xiii.
ver. 5. Daniel, chap. vii. ver. 25.;—chap. xii. ver. 7.

“ He, Lord of Angels and of Men,
“ In Thee still crucified again * ,
“ Comes, robed in clouds, to vindicate His name,
“ And sink thy mouldering wrecks in everduring
“ flame † .

VIII.

“ Servants of God ! far hence repair ;
“ Come forth, come forth, ere yet too late :
“ Who join her sins, her fate must share :
“ Fly, fly her sins, nor share her fate † !”

* “ —The great city” (Rome) “ where also our Lord was crucified,” figuratively, in the perversion of his religion, and the persecution of his faithful servants. So it is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews, chap. vi. ver. 6.—concerning apostatising Christians; “ They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him “ to open shame.”

† “ And her smoke rose up for ever and ever.” Revelations, chap. xix. ver. 3. See also chap. xvii. ver. 16—18.; and chap. xviii. ver. 8, 9. 18.

‡ “ Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of “ her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.” Revelations, chap. xviii. ver. 4.

Germania, starting at the sound,
And Cimbrian cliffs the warning notes rebound.
Swift o'er the Codan wave the echo flies * ;
And Scania to the call replies.
Heard ye Helvetia's rising gales ?
Alps cry to Alps, and vales to vales.
Lo, Albion, on her sea-beat plain,
Claps her glad hands, and swells the strain.
O'er Caledonian hills the murmur breaks ;
And snow-clad Thulè hears, and wonders as she
wakes.

IX.

Where'er the warning notes are spread,
The carved saints, the graven stones,
And shaggy cloaks of Hermits dead,
And fabled martyrs' crumbling bones,

* Codan Wave. Sinus Codanus, the Baltic Sea, dividing Cimbria, or Denmark, from the ancient Scania, or Scandinavia, comprehending Sweden and Norway.

And venal passports to the sky
Flung to the moles and bats dishonour'd lie.
There lie the tools of sanctimonious guile *,
By Priestcraft form'd his spells to pile
And dupe the crowd that gazed from far.
And hark, the cloister-doors unbar !
The unprisoned victims hurry forth :
Lo pale-eyed beauty, letter'd worth,
To Heaven their raptures lift in grateful strife ;
And drink anew the gales of liberty and life.

X.

No more obscured in barbarous tone
The altar hears the mystic rite :
No more shall Prayer with tongue unknown
The vainly listening ear invite.
As when around each favour'd head
Inspiring beams the fiery emblem shed † ;

* Instruments of pretended miracles.

† Acts, chap. 2.

Even now from lands, by Ocean's roaring tide
 And shadowy mountains parted wide * ;
 God's wondrous works proclaiming, Praise
 Her native voice is heard to raise.
 Lo Truth, escaped from Error's den,
 Her hallow'd fount unseals again †.
 From realm to realm the sacred currents haste,
 And heal with freshening dews the long-neglected
 waste.

XI.

“ Prepare the stake, the pile uprear—”
 The triple-crowned Tyrant cries.
 The Fiends of Persecution hear :
 A lurid gleam o'er Europe flies.

* —— μαλα ποιλα μελαχν
 ουρεα τε σκιεντα, θαλασσα τε ηχησσα.

HOM.

† At the Reformation, the Scriptures were translated into various modern languages for general use.

Hark, ceaseless hammers forge the chain ;
And crowded dungeons are enlarged in vain.
Behold unripen'd youth and nerveless age
And female weakness mock their rage :
See holy Wishart climb the pyre,
Nor shrink though Beaton watch the fire :
See mitred Ridley, bold in death,
And dauntless Hooper gasp for breath :
See Latimer augment the glorious band ;
And Cranmer eye serene the firm repentant hand !

XII.

'Tis past, 'tis past, the storm of blood !
Again from yon meridian height
Lo Truth renews the golden flood,
And shouting nations hail the light ;
Earnest of those triumphant days
By Seers foretold, by Bards in heaven-taught lays
Invoked, when circling earth from pole to pole
The sea of righteousness shall roll

The cleansing wave to every shore :
When Salem, raised to fall no more,
As parents for their elder-born
Lament, for Him she pierced shall mourn * :
One common name bid Jew and Gentile cease ;
And Christ be Lord of All in universal peace.

* See Zech. chap. xii. ver. 10.

S O L I T U D E,
AN ODE.

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S O L I T U D E, A N O D E.

I. I.

REMEMB'REST Thou, at Nature's birth,
Sister of Darkness, Solitude !
When kindred atoms sprang from Chaos rude ?
Exulting Thou survey'dst the Earth ;
Saw'st the drear land, void air, unpeopled sea,
And cried'st, " The World is made for Me !"
Vain hope ! With swarming life see ocean heave :
The air unnumber'd pinions fan :
The ground what rising myriads cleave !
See God's last work, imperial Man ;
Hear the loud Fiat o'er Creation hurl'd :
" Mine image Thou : be Monarch of the world !"

I. 2.

Again ambitious hopes prevail.

Her windows Heaven unbars, her founts the Deep :

Of sail devoid, of oar, of helm,

Life's poor remains before the whirlwind sweep.

“ Frail bark ! where fliest thou o'er my destined

“ realm ?

“ Soon shall Jehovah's bolt thy fragments whelm !”

Thou say'st—The shrinking waters fail :

Lo ! the fast-anchor'd vessel rolls no more :

The waves confess a shore.

See hill emerge, and lawn, and vale :

Behold the Patriarch Sire descend,

Before the grassy altar bend ;

See the atoning victim plead for Grace !

“ Man, Earth be thine !” proclaims the appeased
Lord :

“ No second Flood absorbs thy race :

“ Yon Bow till days expire shall seal the firm
“ accord.”

I. 3.

Why grasp at universal power ?
Content, enjoy thy partial reign :
For thine is many a noiseless hour,
And many a shipless sea, and many a trackless plain.
Thine Zahara's burning noon :
Thine spicy hills to Tropic suns that glow :
Thine Hecla's furnace, thine the snow
That glisters to the polar Moon.
Nile for Thee his secret head,
And wasting Niger guards his dusty bed,
And Patagonia bends her howling shore :
For Thee to meet the skies
Yon stony Needles * rise,
Where never foot shall climb, nor pinion soar.

* The inaccessible Aiguilles de Dreux, de Moine, &c. among the Swiss Alps.

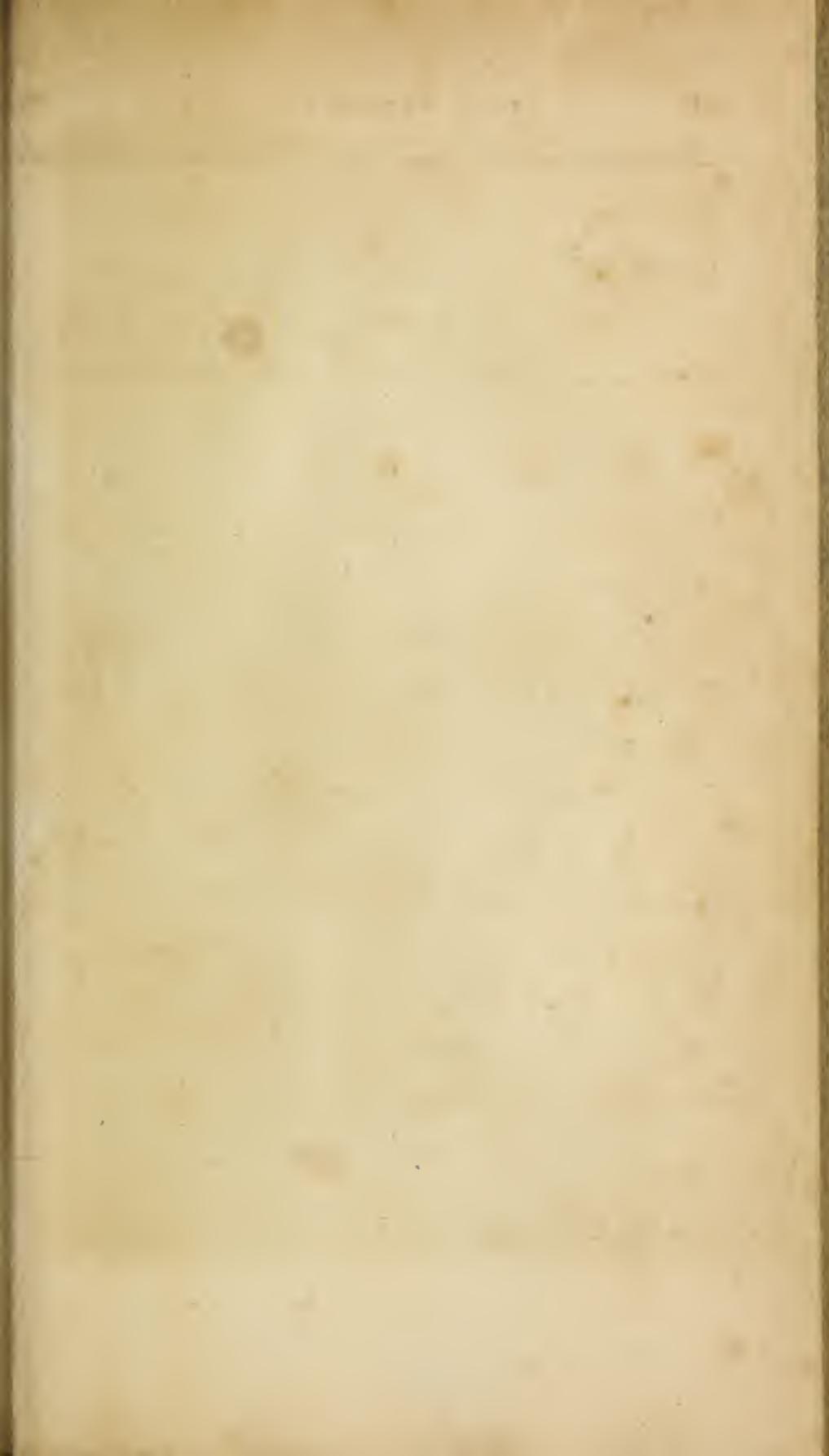
And owns not Beauty thy command ?
On Andes' top I see Thee stand ;
I see thine eye with fond emotion haste
To Juan's * blooming lawns amid the wat'ry waste.

II. I.

To me thine awful scenes unveil,
Thy lore, dread Monitress, impart ;
Raise the low thought, expand the selfish heart.
Thou beckonest to yon cloister pale †,
Where Britain, side by side in crowded rows,
Beholds her glorious Dead repose.
Bard, Hero, Sage, how blest each honour'd name,
Theme of all tongues !—That frown forego—
“ Here learn to weigh the breath of Fame.
“ Shall Spirits cast a glance below,
“ While now, ev'n now, his throne the Judge arrays ?”
Their doom they wait, nor think of human praise !

* The Isle of Juan Fernandes.

† Westminster Abbey.



One watch'd the spark upon the gleaming main;

II. 2.

“ With Pity’s wreath be Virtue crown’d.
“ View yon lone seaman, where mid ocean raves,
“ Scoop from his shatter’d boat the tide,
“ Now seen, now lost, among the weltering waves.”
He feels at every stroke the skiff subside—
Is there no beacon’d flame his way to guide,
No shore, no sail, in ether’s bound ?
A moment, while the broken floods recoil,
He snatches from his toil,
And eyes the blank horizon round.
Mark the wild glance, record the groan,
To all but Thee and Heaven unknown !
See less, yet less, the sinking vessel grows—
Eve watch’d the speck upon the gleaming main :
Night heard the parted waters close :
Morn oped her pitying eye, and sought the speck in
vain.

II. 3.

Again thy lore is taught by woe !
Exile ! the dead no more I grieve.
I see thee 'mid Siberian snow :
I see the electric dawn flash from the brow of Eve *.
Dark the piny forests scowl,
As lambent meteors cross the waving gloom :
From wilds whose silence mocks the tomb,
Save when the bear with savage howl
Chides her mate, I see thee come,
Exile ! to yon rude hut, thy loathed home :
Yon hut thine home by night, yon wild by day.
From all the ties of life,
Friend, kindred, offspring, wife,
Cut off, from waste to waste I see thee stray,

* The Aurora Borealis is remarkably vivid in Arctic regions, and nocturnal meteors very common.

The glossy fur, the shaggy hide,
Thy stated tribute, to provide * :
Then fling thee by thy burden on the floor,
And hope to dream of joys thine eye shall meet no more.

III. 1.

With nerves of steel, with breast of stone ;
By scourge, by gibbet, unappall'd,
See in thy shades Obduracy enthralld :
To Thee she yields, to Thee alone.
By Law's kind doom yon wretch immured apart,
Holds converse with his stubborn heart.
Lo, Memory throbs ; avenging Conscience wakes :
Lo, down his visage steals the tear :
With trembling hope each sinew shakes :
“ Yes, Mercy yet,” he cries, “ may hear ! ”
Bends at the Throne of Grace the suppliant knee ;
His bosom smites, and blesses Heaven for Thee.

* The tribute of furs and skins imposed on persons exiled to Siberia.

III. 2.

Is there a soul that dares defy
Thy frown, dread Power, thy lonely horrors brave ?
What rebel passion scorns thy sway ?
Behold self-righteous Pride her standard wave,
And central in thy realms her host array !
See in that cave yon anchoret display
His vaunted title to the sky :
The couch of rugged stone, the shirt of hair ;
The duly mutter'd prayer ;
The meagre frame, the sleepless eye ;
The bloody scourge, the girded chain —
“ O Wretch, consumed by fruitless pain,
“ Go learn,” Thou criest, “ what more the grace of
“ Heaven
“ Than self-applauding pangs and groans shall move,
“ Than years to proud Contrition given :
“ One sigh of humble faith, one deed of Christian
“ love.”

III. 3.

From prostrate domes and lonely walls,
Whose groves in wondering ether hung * ;
Where Monster to his fellow calls,
And 'mid Belshazzar's Courts the bittern broods her
young ;
Bid the shade of Babel rouse
And cry, nor spare, to London's rival crest.
She hears Thee !—“ Glory of the West,
“ Pride of the Sea ! whose regal brows
“ He, who bade me fill my day,
“ Now crowns supreme, approach, my doom survey :
“ Behold my Sister Queens around me mourn :
“ Come, search with wearied eyes
“ The dust where Ninus † lies :
“ Come, trace Samaria's unfrequented bourn :

* The Hanging Gardens of Babylon raised upon buildings of extreme height and magnificence. † Nineveh.

“ See Tadmor *, Tyre, a shapeless heap :
“ Behold thrice-captive † Salem weep.
“ By Sin we fell : dread Thou the impartial rod.
“ To Thee our Ruins cry ; ‘ Repent, adore thy God !’

* Palmyra.

† Jerusalem has been successively captive and in subjection under the Romans, the Saracens, and the Turks, during more than seventeen hundred years.

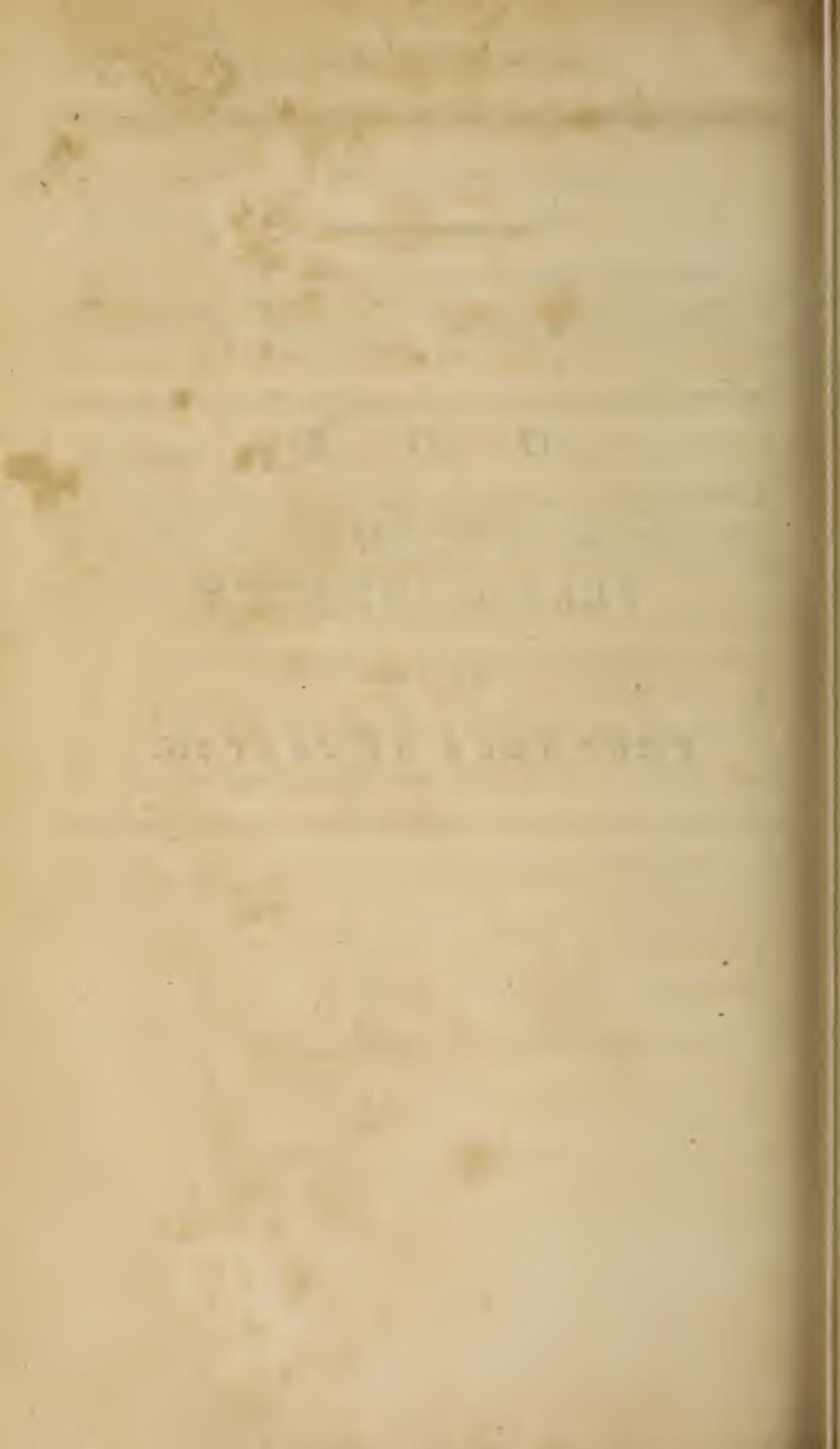
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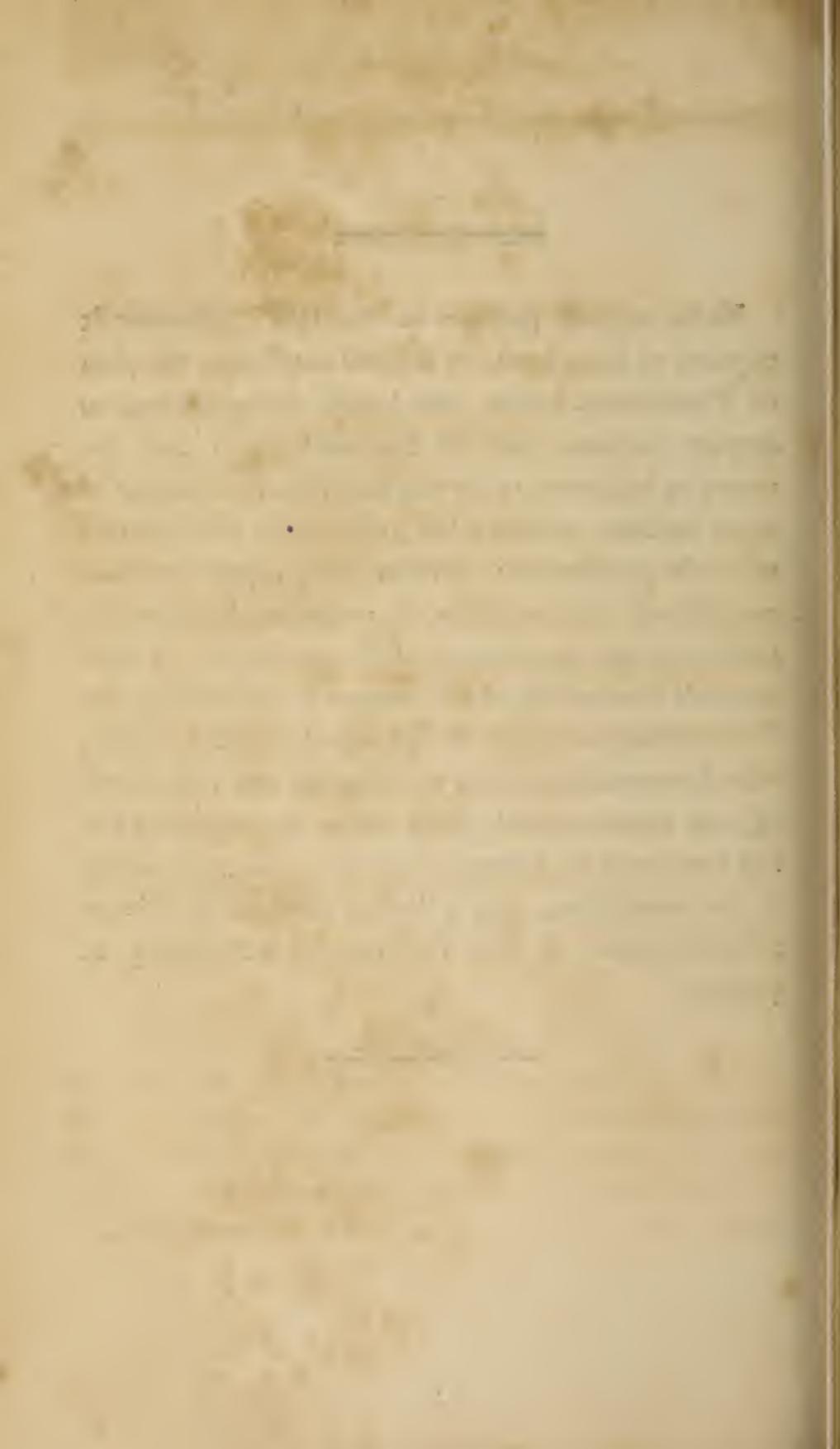
TENTH CHAPTER

OF THE

PROPHECY OF ISAIAH.



FROM various passages in the Old Testament it appears to have been, on several occasions, the plan of Providence, under the Jewish Dispensation, to employ nations eminent for wickedness and tyranny as instruments for the merited chastisement of other nations, perhaps less guilty than the inflicters of their punishment. When the purpose was accomplished, the ministers of vengeance received in their turn the due reward of their crimes. A memorable proceeding of this nature is recorded in the Tenth Chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah. They, who have contemplated with seriousness the course of the events which have taken place during the last few years in Europe, may see no improbability in the conclusion, that a similar plan in the Divine administration of the Universe is developing at present.



O D E

From the Tenth Chapter of the Prophecy of ISAIAH,
Verse 5—19.

I. I.

‘ SCOURGE of my wrath ! my rebel tribes o’erawed—
Hear Earth and Heaven ! Jehovah’s word.
‘ Avenger of my slighted Law,
‘ Assyrian, rise ! Away, away ;
‘ Chase the victim, seize the prey :
‘ Crush the dissembling race that calls me Lord,
‘ As grind thy chariot-wheels the unresisting clay.’

REFERENCES.

1st Strophe—Isaiah, ch. x. ver. 5. O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation ! 6. I will send him against an hypocritical nation, and against the people of my wrath will I give him a charge, to take the spoil and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire in the streets.

I. 2.

“ He hastes : but not to vindicate My Name.
“ Not such the purpose of his heart,
“ On conquest bent, athirst for fame,
“ O'er prostrate earth he shakes the dart.
“ Are not my chieftains Kings ? ” he cries :
“ As Calno fell, lo Hamath lies !
“ Where now Carchemias idol-shrine ?
“ Prone in the dust Samaria sighs :
“ And boding Salem shrieks, ‘ My sister's fate is
“ mine ! ’

REFERENCES.

1st Antistrophe, ver. 7.—Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so : but it is in his heart to destroy, and cut off nations not a few. 8. For he saith, “ Are not my princes altogether Kings ? 9. Is not Calno as Carchemish ; is not Hamath as Arpad ; is not Samaria as Damascus ? 10. As my hand hath found the kingdoms of the idols, and whose graven images did excel them of Jerusalem and Samaria ; 11. shall I not, as I have done to Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and her idols ? ”

I. 3.

‘ Learn, Son of Pride, learn from My lips thy
‘ doom !

‘ Ere long in Sion’s fate

‘ Thy ministry of Vengeance fills its date.

‘ Then to yon expecting tomb

‘ Thy banner’d pomp, thy long array,

‘ Thy harden’d heart, thy boastful eye descend :

‘ And o’er thy glittering dreams of boundless
‘ fway

Their shadows Night and Scorn extend.

REFERENCES.

1st Epode, ver. 12. Wherefore it shall come to pass, that when
he Lord hath performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and
in Jerusalem ; I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the
King of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks.

II. I.

‘ I hear thy vaunt’ — “ My wisdom plann’d the
“ deed,
“ Mine arm atchieved : be mine the praise.
“ I frown’d ; affrighted realms recede :
“ My hand their treasured nest on high
“ Reach’d : as eggs the shepherd-boy
“ Sweeps up, I swept the earth : none dared to
“ raise
“ The wing, nor ope the beak, nor roll th’ exploring
“ eye.”

REFERENCES.

2d Strophe, ver. 13. For he saith, “ By the strength of my
“ hand I have done it; and by my wisdom; for I am prudent :
“ and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed
“ their treasures: and I have put down the inhabitants like a
“ valiant man. 14. And my hand has found as a nest the riches
“ of the people: and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I
“ gathered all the earth: and there was none that moved the
“ wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped.”

II. 2.

Fool ! Shall the axe o'er Hermon's piny shade,
‘ Scorning the hewer's arm, prevail ?
The saw, without its master's aid,
‘ The pomp of Lebanon affail ?
Say'st Thou,’ “ Untired with whirlwind pace
‘ By native strength my foes I chase ?”
‘ Proud chief ! My breath supplies thy force :
My scourge incites thee to the race :
‘ My curb is in thy jaws, and guides thy frantic
‘ course.’

REFERENCES.

2d Antistrophe, ver. 15. Shall the axe boast itself against him
that heweth therewith ? Or shall the saw magnify itself against
him that shaketh it ? As if the rod should shake itself against them
that lifted it up : or as if the staff should lift up itself, as if it
ere no wood.

The concluding image of the Antistrophe is borrowed from
Isaiah, chap. xxxvii. ver. 29, in which chapter the completion of
the present prophecy is recorded. See Bishop Lowth's Notes on
the chapters.

II. 3.

- On Thee, on thine, I vindicate My Name.
- See my red Vengeance hurl'd !
- Prince, people, fall : as when the Sylvan world
- Shuddering views the ethereal flame.
- The low-spread thorn, the cedar's height,
- The huge oak sinks beneath the burning flood.
- Ranging the scorched realms, a child may write
- The scatter'd reliques of the wood.'

REFERENCES.

2d Epode, ver. 16. Therefore shall the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, send among his fat ones leanness ; and under his glory he shall kindle a burning like the burning of a fire. 17. And the Light of Israel shall be for a fire, and his Holy One for a flame ; and it shall burn and devour his thorns and his briers in one day : 18. and shall consume the glory of his forest and of his fruitful field, both soul and body ; and they shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth. 19. And the rest of the trees of his forest shall be few, that a child may write them.

HYMN I.

SAVIOUR! When night involves the skies,
My soul adoring turns to Thee ;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

On Thee my bursting raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the East adorn ;
Thee, Victor of the Grave and Hell,
Thee, source of Life's eternal Morn.

When Noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs ;
Thee, throned in Glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To Death and Thee my thoughts I give ;
To Death, whose power I soon shall feel ;
To Thee, with whom I trust to live !

HYMN II.

Thy humblest works with full accord
Confirm thy word, Almighty Lord !
And spread beneath man's downward eyes
A scene that bids them seek the skies.

Emblem of zeal that never tires,
Nor kindles with unhallow'd fires,—
Such be my zeal !—in eddying tides
Yon stream its active chrystral guides :

Or pausing, as a nobler wood,
Or wilder cliff o'erhangs its flood,
(Each wave, each dimpling curl, represt)
Displays the picture on its breast.

O well ! were mine as pure a course.
O well ! with half the truth and force
Did this degenerate heart of mine
Reflect the beams of Grace divine.

HYMN III.

WHEN Groves by moonlight silence keep,
And Winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hush'd, and cities sleep :
Lord ! Is not that the hour of peace ?

When Infancy at evening tries
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes :
Lord ! Is not that the hour of peace ?

In golden pomp when autumn smiles ;
And hill and dale its rich increase
By man's full barns exulting piles :
Lord ! Is not that the hour of peace ?

When mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger cease,
And Hope to blank Despair succeeds : —
This, Father, this alone is Peace !

HYMN IV.

FOR A PERSON IN SICKNESS.

“ O FATHER ! glorify thy name—”
So pray’d at woe’s approach my Lord.
Disease corrodes this mortal frame :
O Father ! be thy Name adored.

Though life’s unruffled days had flown,
Ere yet was past her vernal prime ;
And Sickness o’er my head has strewn,
The snows of age before their time :

Why fear the path of grief to tread ;
Why, Father ! shrink from thy decree :
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter, way to Thee ?

On wings of Faith, o’er fogs of earth,
Thy servant, Father ! teach to rise,
And view the blessing’s native worth
Clear’d from affliction’s dark disguise.

Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
To mortals gazing from below,
By Angels from above survey'd
With universal sunshine glow.

HYMN V.

VEIL, veil your eyes,
Angelic Legions ! veil.
The Son of God forsakes the skies ;
Bids flesh his Deity disguise ;
Bids earth her Saviour hail.

Veil, veil your eyes !
Hell's black abysses move.
The rebel world its God denies ;
The terrors of his wrath defies ;
Mocks his redeeming love.

Veil, veil your eyes !
The bloody bargain's sign'd.
The hour of fraud the traitor spies ;
With swords and staves, and torches flies,
As 'twere a thief to bind.

Veil, veil your eyes !

To Judgement Christ is led.

With charges feign'd, and perjured lies,

Malice His innocence decries,

Arraigns His sacred head.

Veil, veil your eyes !

The reed, the platted thorn,

The mimic robe of purple dyes,

Mark Him the brutal rabble's prize,

The taunting soldier's scorn.

Veil, veil your eyes !

Gentile and Jew conspire.

Against Him Priest and People rise ;

His death demand with frantic cries,

A murderer's life require.

Veil, veil your eyes !

Barabbas is set free.

Cast out, the Lord of Glory dies ;

For sinners bleeds a sacrifice,

Nail'd to the accursed tree.

Raise, raise your eyes !
Angels ! He bursts the tomb :
Joins Love and Truth in endless ties ;
Bids Peace with Justice harmonise ;
Averts the sinner's doom.

Raise, raise your eyes !
See Heaven her King receive !
The Law's demand He satisfies ;
The sons of Adam justifies ;
Bids all their myriads live.

Raise, raise your eyes !
His Spirit He sends down :
To all o'erflowing grace supplies ;
His willing people sanctifies ;
Prepares their future crown.

Raise, raise your eyes !
Death's captives He unchains.
His faithful host He glorifies.
Farewell to death and tears and sighs !
Man with his Saviour reigns

CONSOLATION:

A

LYRIC POEM.

ARGUMENT.

The purport of the following Poem is to compare Christianity with the three leading systems of Antient Philosophy, namely, the system of Pyrrho, that of Epicurus, and that of Zeno, as to influence on human happiness. After some description preparatory to the introduction of the subject, the characteristical tenets and the practical effects of each of these philosophical systems are illustrated. Those of the Christian Religion are afterwards exemplified and appretiated in a similar manner.

CONSOLATION:

A

LYRIC POEM.

I.

THE pausing tide scarce broke in foam :
 High on the cavern'd rock I stood ;
 And view'd the quivering sunbeams roam
 In boundless radiance o'er the flood.
 Beneath each isle, each headland gray,
 Unmoved the inverted picture lay.
 Hung in bright haze the distant mountains glow'd :
 Earth, sea, heaven smiled : my heart with joy
 o'erflow'd.

II.

Short was the joy. With eddying haste
Dun clouds combined their lengthening train.
The blast in lurid purple traced
Its course athwart the roughen'd main.
Wave after wave with deepening roar
Plunged headlong on the fadden'd shore.
Sea-mews with screams the rising tempest hail'd :
Earth, ocean, heaven portentous darkness veil'd.

III.

“ O fickle charms of Nature's form,
“ Fading while yet we gaze,” I cried ;
“ O turns of sunshine and of storm,
“ Too well ye paint life's changeful tide !
“ What though with transitory gleam
“ Health, Peace, Content, and Rapture beam ?
“ Hovering full soon o'er man's devoted head,
“ Disease and woe their raven wings outspread.

IV.

“ Sages ! inured the arms to wield
“ Made proof by Wisdom’s mystic spell,
‘ Stand forth with philosophic shield
“ The shaft of sorrow to repel.
“ Or teach, if human skill in vain
“ Toil to avert the stroke of pain,
“ At least to cool the wound, and draw the dart
“ Wrapt in the bleeding fibres of the heart !”

V.

Mournful I spoke. A rushing sound,
As Beings more than mortal past,
(I heard and shudder’d,) swept the ground :
An eager glance around I cast.
Fled was the scene ; nor low’ring sky
Nor darken’d ocean met mine eye.
The Sun was throned in renovated might,
And seem’d on classic realms to pour the light.

VI.

A city *, form'd for sovereign sway,
Sublime upon a rock appear'd :
Her marble domes in close array
Climbing the rugged steep she rear'd ;
Hid with gay roofs the circling plain ;
Stretch'd her long arms to reach the main ;
Saw at each mole the baffled surge decrease,
And bade her anchor'd navies float in peace.

* Athens, originally denominated Cecropia from its founder Cecrops, was built on a high rock situated on a large plain near the middle of Attica. The citadel, in the centre of which was the vast Temple of Minerva, constructed wholly with Parian marble and still subsisting, occupied the summit. In process of time the whole plain was covered with buildings. The city was joined to the harbour of Piræus by the walls called *Μακρα Τείχη*, the Long Walls, being about five miles in length; whence they are styled by Propertius, “ Long Arms.”

Inde ubi Piræi capient me littora portus,
Scandam ego Theseæ brachia longa viæ. Lib. iii. Eleg.

The road from the harbour was named Οδος Θησεια, the road of Theseus.—See Potter's Antiquities of Greece, 3d edit. vol. i. ch. 8.



VII.

Its triple tier a rampart tall
Around the craggy summit led :
Long gleams of radiance crown'd the wall
From shield and lance and helmed head.
On the sharp peak, to grace the shrine
Rear'd to the guardian Power divine,
A fane's majestic pile, o'er bulwarks raised
And towers' proud heads, with Parian lustre blazed.

VIII.

“ Cecropia calls thee ; Mortal, rise :”
From lips unseen the accents flow'd :
“ Cecropia, tutress of the wise,
“ To blest Philosophy's abode
“ Bids all her sages guide thy way,
“ And cheer thy soul with mental day.”
I heard : in thought I scorn'd the frowns of fate ;
And rush'd impatient to the expanded gate.

IX.

I past. With heaven-aspiring head
A splendid Pile before me rose.
Its valves the open portal spread :
Above, more bright than Thracian snows *,
A Goddess sat. Beneath her throne
In bold relief the sculptured stone,
Proclaim'd ; " Approach, and learn, ingenuous Youth,
" The path of Wisdom from the lips of Truth."

X.

Sounds, as though tongues innumEROUS vied
A theme of choral praise to swell,
Broke from within : in airy tide
On my charm'd sense the murmur fell ;
Then ceased. I enter'd. High uprear'd
In marble pomp a bust appear'd.

* Among the Grecians, Truth was represented as a Goddess clothed in white robes.

Deep on its base engraved a mystic line
Bade Pyrrho's name in golden lustre shine.

XI.

Sages, in spotless white array'd,
In long procession moved around.
The foot, by conscious awe dismay'd,
Scarce dared to press the hallow'd ground.
Each, as the chisell'd form he past,
A glance of homage upward cast ;
His hands submissive on his bosom spread ;
In silence paused, and bow'd his reverent head *.

XII.

At once in wide-extended ring
The listening band collected stood :
Stillness aloft on moveless wing
Hung poised, and hush'd th' aërial flood.

* From the present stanza to the nineteenth inclusive, the leading tenets of the Pyrrhonic Philosophers are under consideration.

With heaving breast and eyes entranced
From the dense orb a Sage advanced :
“ Hail, festive day !” with raptured voice he cried ;
“ Hail, festive day !” the echoing dome replied :

XIII.

“ Hail, festive day ! to Wisdom dear,
“ Hail to thy long expected beams !
“ Best offspring of the rolling year,
“ Again thy noontide glory streams !
“ Hail ! for thou first, in mute delight
“ Stoop from thy meridian height,
“ Heard’st Pyrrho’s tongue the path of bliss explore,
“ And these exulting walls return the lore.

XIV.

“ Yes, mighty Sage, in circling band
“ Whom now we greet with wonted rite,
“ This day beheld thy potent hand
“ New streams from Wisdom’s fount invite.

“ Lo ! from these walls the current glides ;
“ Now rolls through Greece its swelling tides ;
“ Views parched nations bending o'er the brink,
“ And kindling life glow brighter as they drink.

XV.

“ As travellers lost in midnight snows
“ When mortals roam'd, no succour nigh ;
“ Thou bad'st Philosophy disclose
“ Her radiance to the mental eye :
“ Not burst in floods of cloudless light *,
“ With dazzling glare to scorch the sight ;
“ But, veil'd in haze, with mitigated power
“ Shed the mild glimmerings of the twilight
“ hour.

* In allusion to the characteristical principle of the Pyrrhonic school, which was, to consider every thing as a matter of doubt and uncertainty.

XVI.

“ By thee the freeborn soul disdains
“ From System’s mine base drofs to heave ;
“ By thee exalted breaks the chains,
“ That stern Conviction loves to weave.
“ Why seek mysterious depths to know ?
“ Knowledge is certainty of woe !
“ Rule Gods, or Fate, or Chance ? Inflamed with bile
“ Let fools decide—Thou bid’st us doubt, and smile.

XVII.

“ No rigid lore our Peace annoys ;
“ Presiding Doubt each maxim weighs :
“ And still in fluctuating poise
“ The ever-trembling balance plays.
“ Brethren, again this day revere,
“ Best offspring of the rolling year ;
“ Through all her towers till Athens wake the song,
“ And Sunium’s echoing cliffs the strain prolong * !”

* Sunium, a promontory of Attica.

XVIII.

The strain unnumber'd voices swell'd :
“ Hail to the day, whose beamy eye
“ Thy hand, illustrious Sage, beheld
“ New streams from Wisdom's fount supply !
“ Teacher of Placid Doubt——” I fled
In sorrow forth ; each hope was dead :
My heart within me funk, as o'er the main
Sad Icarus flapp'd his drooping wing in vain.

XIX.

“ Is it for this thy form,” I cried,
“ Yon portal crowns, degraded Truth ?
“ To Doubt's black cavern dost thou guide
“ The step of inexperienced Youth ?
“ Better to drain from Error's bowl
“ The draught that stupifies the soul ;
“ Than with strain'd eyes on Doubt's pale phantoms
“ gaze,
“ And hopeless tread the inextricable maze !

XX.

“ Powers of the sky—for chance or fate
“ Prescribed not earth’s well-order’d course,
“ Nor throned the Sun’s imperial state,
“ Nor wing’d with flame the Comet’s force——
“ Powers of the sky, with pitying aid
“ Befriend the world your fiat made !
“ O cheer the comfortless, O guide the blind ;
“ Dispel the gloom that clouds the wilder’d mind.”

XXI.

A Sage * appear’d : I mark’d his hand
Uplifted, his preceptive mein ;
Mark’d, as he spoke, a youthful band
Forward in dumb attention lean.

The rose entwined with myrtle spray
In fragrant piles before him lay.

* One of the Epicurean sect of Philosophers. The present stanza and those that follow, to the thirtieth inclusive, are intended to characterise the system of that sect.

Aloft, the goblet shone, the sculptured lyre ;
And torches hung their emblematic fire.

XXII.

“ O ye,” he cried, “ whose vernal bloom
“ Foretells the golden fruits of joy,
“ O let not care with chilling gloom
“ And blighting storm your hopes destroy !
“ Bid festive dance and choral song
“ From year to year your bliss prolong ;
“ Bid laughter-breathing Mirth dilate the soul,
“ Point the gay jest, and ply the enlivening bowl.

XXIII.

“ So live the Gods. On seas of bliss
“ Reclined, they sip each passing wave ;
“ Leave fate to rule the sphere, nor miss
“ The stars that to their destined grave
“ Sink from their shuddering orbits hurl’d,
“ Nor mark the crash that shakes the world.

“ Hence, Trouble, to the winds ! Blest youths, be wise ;
“ Bring down to earth the raptures of the skies !

XXIV.

“ Nor cease, when Time with snow shall spread
“ Your locks, in Pleasure’s paths to stray.
“ Behold, Cithæron’s * icy head
“ Relents before the fervid ray !
“ Let genial mirth each pang assuage :
“ Cheer we with flowers the snow of age !”
He spoke, and with a wreath his temples crown’d ;
Then on each youthful brow a chaplet bound.

XXV.

Instant in visionary scene
Pleasure’s bright mansions met my view :
From joy to joy, no pause between,
The maddening crowd unsated flew.

* A high mountain on the confines of Attica.

If chance, his gray head bending low,
Some beggar urged his tale of woe ;
Swifter they past, and with averted eye
Smote the loud harp, and drown'd th' unwelcome cry.

XXVI.

The feast was spread ; the spicy wine
With gleaming blush the silver dyed :
Here Wit with flowers his darts would twine :
His ruder shafts there Humour plied ;
From rank to rank he bade them roam :
Convulsive laughter shook the dome.
Here lyre and voice in rapturous conflict strove :
There the brisk dance its changeful mazes wove.

XXVII.

Yet soon repeated pleasure cloy'd :
The ear scarce heard the jocund strain :
The dance was toil no more enjoy'd :
The spicy goblet breathed in vain

Its odours : on the palled tongue
Lingered the tasteless morsel hung :
The heartless smile betray'd its mimic air ;
And languor sicken'd in the vacant stare.

XXVIII.

Foul passions oft would strip the veil ;
Their sway the alter'd look proclaim'd :
Here, hollow cheeks with envy pale ;
There, eyes with hate and rage inflamed.
With savage shout and uproar wild
Discord the banquet oft embroil'd.
Guest frown'd on guest, with hostile arms opposed :
And wounds and groans the frantic orgies closed.

XXIX.

Oft would some wretch with tiger's glare
In murderous ambush take his stand :
The setting Sun discern'd the snare ;
The Moon beheld his blood-stain'd hand.

Then farewell joy in song or feast !
Ideal horrors rack his breast :
The lyre's gay voice ideal shrieks control ;
And fancied poisons mantle in the bowl.

XXX.

Triumphant o'er the sensual race,
Disease ere long her woes combined ;
The bloated form, the ghastly face,
The palsied limb, th' enervate mind.
Each on his couch of anguish laid,
On Death they call'd for instant aid :
Then shriek'd in terror, when advancing near
The Phantom scowl'd, and shook his lifted spear.

XXXI.

“ Avaunt, vain joys !” I cried, “ avaunt !
“ With Siren face and Scorpion sting ;
“ Powerless to quell the cares that haunt
“ Man's happiest hours, life's bloomy spring

“ Powerless to stay th’ approach of Age——”
With scornful voice abrupt a Sage
Raised in his Portico * my plaint reproved:
Its marble gloom grew deeper as he moved.

XXXII.

“ Would’st thou defy the shaft of Pain,
“ And mental peace unbroken know?
“ Thy bosom arm with stern disdain
“ Of human joy, of human woe.
“ Behold that Youth: my lips his breast
“ Betimes with Wisdom’s lore imprest.
“ His steps attend: and own this truth reveal’d:
“ Fate wars in vain, when Wisdom takes the field.”

* From this place to the end of the forty-fourth Stanza
the tenets and the natural effects of the system of the Stoicks
are characterised.

XXXIII.

Glad I obey'd. Ere long we view'd
A scene of bliss domestic rise.

Their Sire an infant train pursued
Disporting ; and with sparkling eyes
Look'd up, while round his knees they clung,
Or on his vest in rapture hung.
Their sports a female form with smiles survey'd ;
A wife's, a mother's love each smile betray'd.

XXXIV.

My heart dilated at the sight.

I turn'd with eager glance to trace
Congenial ardour of delight
Flushing my youthful guardian's face.

In vain ; no sympathetic glow
Relax'd the rigour of his brow.

“ Be Wisdom thine : let Folly fools employ—”
He spoke, and frown'd contemptuous on their joy.

XXXV.

Soon a dire change that joy disspell'd.
The Sire with agonising start
Shook: each distorted muscle swell'd;
With pangs convulsive throbb'd his heart.
He fell. I mark'd each blacken'd vein,
I mark'd each labouring eye-ball strain.
With outspread arms he lay, and gasp'd for breath:
His chill brow glisten'd with the damps of death.

XXXVI.

The widow's shriek, as prone she bow'd
O'er the deaf corse in frantic woe,
The orphans' wail, the flocking crowd,
The sad procession parting slow,
Changed they, stern Youth, thy mien severe?
Forced they one sigh, one pitying tear?—
With steady gaze he view'd the mournful throng;
Scorn'd their vain grief, and careless stalk'd along.

XXXVII.

His course reluctant I pursued :

A Hand unseen my step controll'd.

A plain we cross'd, where lakes of blood

The deeds of recent warfare told.

There senseless many a Warrior lay,

Or breathed in groans his soul away :

While ravening fowl hung poised aloft in air ;

And scream'd, and call'd their broods the feast to
share *.

XXXVIII.

Unmoved he eyed the stagnant gore,

Heard the long groan, the parting sigh.

Her living prey the vulture tore,

Nor paused : he past unheeding by
O'er piles of slain. Beneath his tread
The hollow bosom of the dead

* " And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast."

MASON.

Creak'd horrid * : my blood curdled at the sound :
Again each spouting gash distain'd the ground.

XXXIX.

Sudden in long succession past
With wounds unclosed a captive train :
Their sinewy arms, now backward cast,
Shook, as they moved, the clanking chain.
From row to row, from man to man,
The links in firm connection ran.
With aspect stern the guards and lifted spear
Scowl'd in the front, and menaced in the rear.

XL.

A captive, bow'd by lengthen'd days,
With tottering steps apart was driven.
He mark'd us ; with impassion'd gaze
The Youth he view'd—“ Yes, bounteous Heaven !

* — *Infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus.*

VIRE.

“ ‘Tis he,” he cried in accent wild,
 “ Yes, ‘tis himself, my child, my child !
 “ Now am I freed ; the Gods my joys inspire !
 “ Thou, Thou, my Son, art sent to save thy Sire.

XLI.

“ No foe was I : by chance or fate
 “ Opprest, in bonds thou feest me led—
 “ Lo, thy reply the victors wait—
 “ Small price redeems the hoary head :
 “ They note my limbs unfit for toil,
 “ And scarce detain their useless spoil.—
 “ Mercy, my child ! Bid thy freed Sire depart ;
 “ And calm thy aged Mother’s bursting heart !”

XLII.

“ Old man,” the obdurate Youth rejoin’d,
 “ Think’st thou with worse than woman’s moan
 “ And holy faws to shake the mind,
 “ That Wisdom arms, and stamps her own ?

“ She bids my stedfast heart disdain
“ Thy coward soul that shrinks from pain.
“ He is the slave who knows not ills to bear.
“ Go, drag the chain thou well deserv’st to wear.”

XLIII.

In every joint with fiercest ire
I shook—“ O wretch, to brute debased,
“ Tiger in human shape, more dire
“ Than ever prowl’d on Indian waste !
“ Perish the lore, from Stygian den
“ By fiends and furies taught to men ;
“ Lore in the depths of Erebus abhorr’d ;
“ For fiends aid fiends, and own their gloomy Lord :

XLIV.

“ The lore that bids relentless Pride
“ Usurp degraded Reason’s throne ;
“ Bids Man the frown of Heaven deride,
“ Nor count another’s weal his own ;

“ Proscribes each sympathetic fear ;
“ Dries in its source the pitying tear ;
“ Forbids the child to act a filial part,
“ And turns to adamant the blasted heart.”

XLV.

A burst of thunder rent the skies ;
Then all was hush'd. A solemn voice
Sounded—“ Enough of treacherous lies,
“ Wisdom misnamed, hath sought thy choice.
“ Learn then the yet unfathom'd cause,
“ Whence life perennial comfort draws,
“ The tear of joy from Misery's eyelid breaks,
“ And Sorrow's bosom triumphs while it aches.”

XLVI.

Mine eyes I rais'd : a dungeon frown'd ;
Green damps the mildew'd wall had stain'd :

Shewn by pale lights that gleam'd around,
Two mangled forms * to earth were chain'd.
Beneath their blood-entangled hair
Dark crusts o'erspread their shoulders bare,
Where from new stripes the sanguine stream had flow'd;
And each torn limb with festering anguish glow'd.

XLVII.

Yet on their brow no sadness lours ;
Their breasts with transport seem to swell :
Hark ! from their lips what rapture pours !
Ecstatic praises shake the cell.

* “ They drew Paul and Silas into the market-place unto the
“ Rulers ;—and rent off their clothes, and laid many stripes upon
“ them ; and thrust them into the inner prison, and made their
“ feet fast in the stocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed,
“ and *sang praises unto God* ; and the prisoners heard them.” *Acts*,
chap. xvi. ver. 19, &c. The state in which they were thus con-
fined may be collected from a subsequent verse of the same chap-
ter ; in which it is related that afterwards the jailor “ took
“ them, *and washed their stripes.*” Ver. 33.

Echo, long stunn'd with Sorrow's moan,
Starts as she hears the song unknown ;
Bids through each vault the pealing joy rebound :
And Night and Misery wonder at the sound.

XLVIII.

'Twas past. In alter'd garb array'd
Grief to my gaze her visions spread ;
The glare of funeral lamps display'd,
The sable throng, th' uplifted dead.
The parent, while that death-bell's toll
Smites from yon tower her inmost soul,
Groans at each stroke, as o'er the corse she bends ;
And Sorrow's flood in larger stream descends.

XLIX.

In youth's gay prime her darling died :
To Nature true the parent grieves.
But lo ! even now her pangs subside ;
Now less and less her bosom heaves.

Hope's kindling dawn her cheeks disclose ;
 Resign'd she stills her plaintive woes ;
 Unclasps her hands, the gushing sorrow dries,
 And kneels, and points exulting to the skies.

L.

The scene was chang'd. — Bellowing with rage
 Plebeian crowds athirst for blood,
 Prince, Consul, Senatorian age,
 Circling a vast arena stood.

There *, flung to ravening beasts a prey,
 Still gasping many a sufferer lay ;

* To be thrown to wild beasts in the arena of the Circus as a spectacle to the people, is well known to have been one of the early modes of Christian martyrdom. To be wrapt in vestments overspread with pitch, and thus burned, was another mode. "Pereuntibus addita ludibria ; ut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque, ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur." Tacitus, Annal. lib. xv. To this barbarous spectacle Juvenal appears to allude in the following lines :

— tædâ lucebis in illâ
 Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant;
 Et latum mediâ sulcum deducit arenâ.

Sat. i. l. 155.

Or, smear'd with pitch, on sulphurous piles was raised,
And vengeful myriads shouted as he blazed.

LI.

Three victims from a platform's height
Witness the pangs they soon must share.
Their eyes with holy ardour bright
To heaven they lift in secret prayer :
A Power by Faith beheld adore ;
Hear unappall'd yon monster's roar ;
Unmoved behold yon myriad hands conspire
To rear the mighty pyramid of fire.

LII.

Fate calls them next. The imprison'd beast
Bounding impatient o'er the sand
Calm they await ; the pitchy vest
They clasp with unreluctant hand :

Which passage the Scholiast thus explains: "Nero maleficōs homines
tædā & papyro & cerā supervestiebat, & sic ad ignem
admoveri juheat." Martial also speaks of the "tunica molesta,"
in which the Christian was burnt, "Matutinā spectatus arenā."

Nor quake, nor shrink, nor breathe a sigh,
 Nor turn aside the stedfast eye,
 When crouching to his spring the tiger glares,
 Or death's red torch the approaching Lictor bears.

LIII.

Again the echoing vault of Heaven
 With thunder shakes ; the western sun
 Glows ; to the darkening zenith driven
 The clouds his arrowy fervour shun.
 Behold, their central depths divide !
 Bright chinks foretel the golden tide *.
 It comes ! a flood of glory bursts its way,
 And pours a blaze of more than mortal day.

LIV.

Lo, Angel hosts, whose lucid train
 Seems half absorb'd to melt in light,
 Orb within orb, a Cross sustain,
 A Cross than Angel Hosts more bright.

* *Aurea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos.*

Pourtray'd in characters of flame
Aloft it bears a mystic Name.
Beneath is sculptured ; “ Overcome by This * :
“ Lo, here the sign of conquest and of bliss.

LV.

“ Lo, here the sign,” a Seraph cries—
Cherubic legions catch the sound :
Loud as when polar billows rise
In storms, to ether’s utmost bound
The Hosanna rolls :—“ Lo, here the sign
“ Of rescued man, of Love divine,
“ Of human crimes by guiltless blood effaced,
“ And Eden raised from earth’s degenerate waste.

LVI.

“ By This with praise mid festering smart
“ The captives shook the midnight cell :

* In allusion to the inscription on the Cross reported to have appeared to Constantine : “ Εν τούτῳ νίκα.”

“ By This, the childless parent’s heart
“ With throbs of woe forgot to swell.
“ By This, from earth-born fears released,
“ The Martyr on the infuriate beast
“ And men more savage fix’d the dauntless eye,
“ Or rose in flames triumphant to the sky.

LVII.

“ Mortal ! whose breast in hopeless fear
“ Pants with the quivering shaft of Sin ;
“ While the flush’d cheek, the starting tear,
“ Confess the wound that burns within :
“ Lo, here the sign that heals Despair ;
“ On wings of penitence and prayer
“ Bids the soul rise to Jesus strong to save,
“ Bids Youth immortal trample on the grave.

LVIII.

“ Mortal ! on Life’s rude Ocean tost,
“ By whirlwinds driven, by storms opprest,
“ Shatter’d thy bark, thy compass lost,
“ Lo, here the sign of endless rest :

“ Rest that no troublous dreams annoy ;
“ Rest bathed in living floods of joy ;
“ Rest freed from pangs Probation’s child must share ;
“ Rest crown’d with wreaths the Sons of God shall
 “ wear !

LIX.

“ Though Grief her shadowy curtain spreads,
 “ And dims thy short terrestrial day :
“ The Cross its holy lustre sheds ;
 “ Each fancied horror melts away.
“ Erewhile in Sorrow’s garb conceal’d,
“ The secret blessing stands reveal’d ;
“ Bears fruits of comfort from the Eternal’s throne,
“ And tells of brighter in a world unknown.

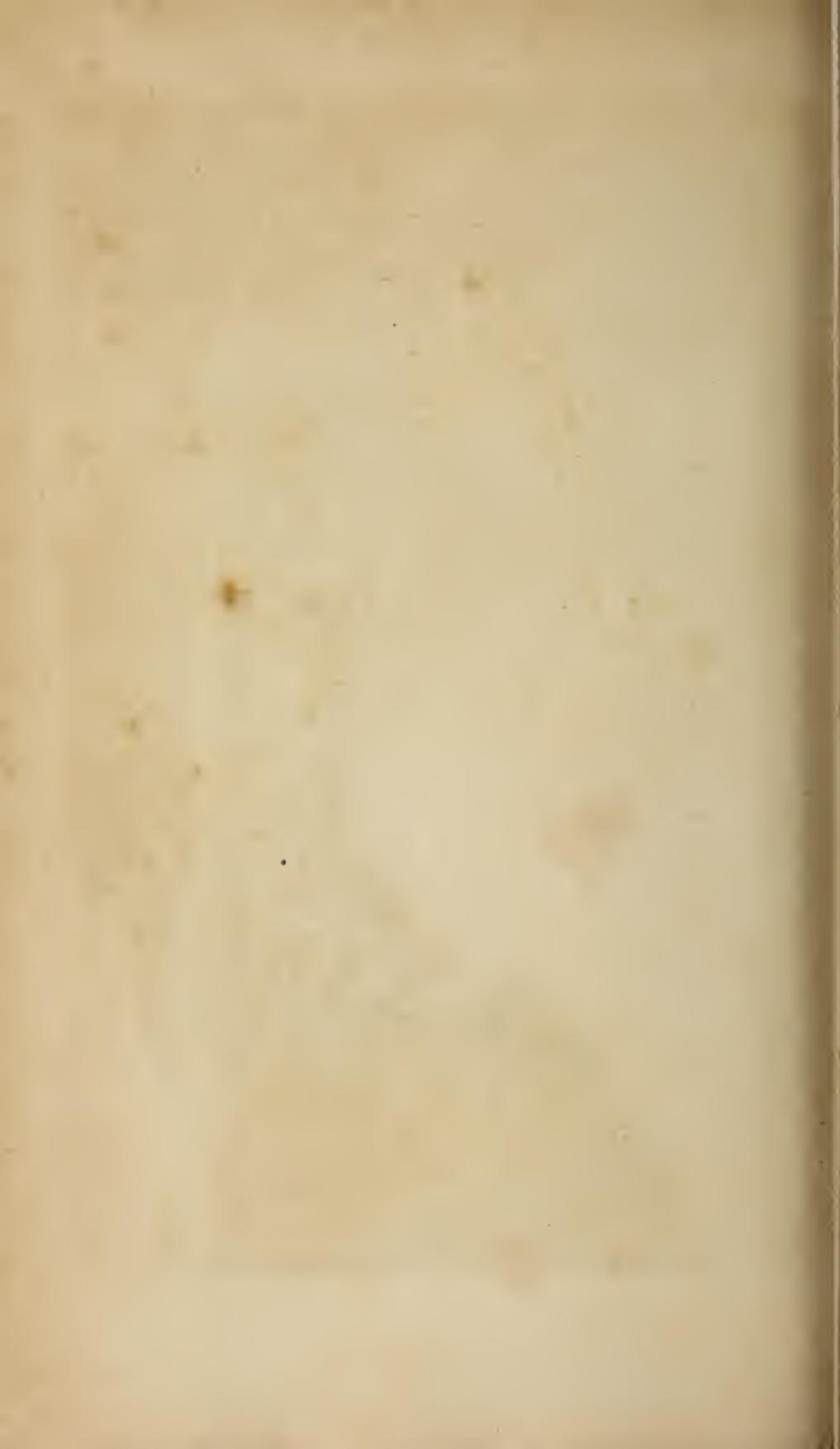
LX.

“ What though yon cloud, while earth and heaven
 “ The Sun’s descending fires illume,
“ Athwart the glowing brow of even
 “ Obtrude its inharmonious gloom ?

“ Even now it owns the potent blaze ;
“ Even now 'tis edged with golden rays :
“ The kindling mafs resigns its murky dye,
“ And adds new glories to the splendid sky.”

The kindling mats margin of marshy dye.





THE

D U E L L I S T:

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THE

D U E L L I S T:

A N

E L E G Y.

‘ STRANGER ! who sleeps in yonder nameless grave ?
‘ I saw thee pause and linger o’er the tomb,
‘ Where to the gale those thorns their branches wave,
‘ And Evening deepens in that yew-tree’s gloom.’

‘ There sleeps my friend,’ the pensive stranger cried :
‘ O’er the blank stone have twenty winters past :
‘ Yet, as the gale amid that yew-tree sigh’d,
‘ Methought again I heard him breathe his last.

‘ Yes ! for I saw the last convulsive start,
‘ That spoke the struggle closed of Life and Death :
‘ Felt the last pulse that trembled from his heart ;
‘ And heard the sigh that told his parting breath.

‘ Fix’d in his breast the adverse weapon stood—’
‘ Stranger ! Where died he in his country’s cause ?
‘ Blest be the man, whose pure and generous blood
‘ Flows for his country’s liberty and laws !’—

‘ O why the grief of other days recall ?
‘ Alas ! he died not for his country’s sake.
‘ Wielding unhallow’d arms ’twas his to fall :
‘ ’Twas his in death his country’s laws to break.

‘ One word, one careless word, escaped his tongue ;
‘ One careless word, from guile, from anger free.
‘ Blood, blood must cleanse the unsuspected wrong—
“ Meet on the heath, beside the lonely tree—”

‘ So spake the foe: nor, parting, did he hide
‘ The mutter’d threat, nor glance of scorn behind.

‘ Too well my friend the glance of scorn descried ;
‘ And thus explored his own uncertain mind.

“ What shall I do ? Custom ! thy tyrant sway,
“ To laws of earth or heaven untaught to yield,
“ And thine, whose nod the brave, the base, obey,
“ Ideal Honour ! urge me to the field.”

‘ That field perchance consigns thee to the dead,’
“ Affection cries ; ‘ Forbear, forbear the strife.

‘ Think on thy childeſs mother’s hoary head :
‘ Think on thy orphan babes, thy widow’d wife.’

“ Yes, throbs of Nature ! through my inmost soul
“ From nerve to nerve your strong vibrations
“ dart—

“ Hark, Duty speaks—‘ Rebellious Pride control ;
‘ And bow to Heaven’s behest the swelling heart.’

“ What though, be witness Heaven! nor vengeful hate
“ Nor hostile rage within my bosom burn :
“ How can I guiltless tread the brink of fate,
“ And dare the gulf from whence is no return ?

“ Though from his breast who braves me to the fight,
“ Guarding my own, my sword aloof I wave ;
“ What praise, while yet against his lawless might
“ I stake the sacred trust my Maker gave ?

“ How mid assembled Angels shall I dare
“ For Judgement throned the Son of God to see :
“ Afraid for Him the sting of scorn to bear,
“ Who bore the sting of scorn and death for me * ?

“ And is it then so deep a crime to die,
“ Shielding from taint my yet unspotted name ?—
“ Away, vain sophistry ! A Christian I,
“ And fear at Duty’s call to risk my fame ?

* See Mark, chap. viii. ver. 38.

“ Yet how, proud foe, thy cold insulting eye,
“ Shunning the offer’d combat, shall I face ?
“ Where hide my head, while Slander’s envious cry,
“ Roused at thy bidding, trumpets my disgrace ?

“ My native woodlands shall I seek, the sneer
“ Even in their shades on every brow to meet ?
“ Or haunt the town, in every wind to bear
‘ There sculks the Coward,’ murmur through the
“ street ?

“ What, live to infamy, of fools the scorn,
“ The dastard’s butt, the by-word of the brave ?
“ No : farewell Doubt !”—‘ Beneath the waving thorn,
‘ Go, learn his fate at yonder nameless grave.

‘ Stranger ! If trials like to his are thine,
‘ Hark to the voice, that whispers from his sod.
“ Shame dost thou dread ? The shame of Sin decline :
“ Talk’st thou of Valour ? Dare to fear thy God.”

E L E G Y

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

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E L E G Y

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

MASON is dead!—From Aston's airy tow'r
The solemn warning vibrates down the vale.
Fame stood observant of his parting hour;
And all her hundred tongues proclaim the tale.

“ Now haste,” she cries, “ to yon funereal scene :
“ Prepare, ye sons of Poesy ! the verse ;
“ Round the dead Bard in crowded pomp convene,
“ And hang with tributary praise the hearse.

“ Long did his name my labouring trumpet fill ;
“ O'er many a realm the pealing echoes roll'd :
“ And long and loud the blast that yet shall thrill,
“ Ere the full triumphs of his muse be told.

“ Ope then each fountain of poetic grief ;
“ Fulfil each rite by Time's sure stamp approv'd :
“ Chide med'cine's God, whose hand withheld relief ;
“ Chide the relentless Fates, by song unmov'd.

“ Breathe chilling blight on each Parnassian glade ;
“ Call from their withering bowers th' Aonian
 “ quire ;
“ In fabler stole array the tragic maid ;
“ Let sad Thalia trail the inverted lyre.

“ Beckon the Dryad from each rifted oak ;
“ From mountain dells be Oreads heard to sigh ;
“ From lake and stream the Naiad train convoke ;
“ From coral groves let Nereid plaints reply.

“ O'er man and brute the cloud of woe extend ;
“ Let sympathizing gods for MASON grieve :
“ His lyre, a new-born star, in Heav'n suspend ;
“ Let meads of Asphodel his shade receive.”

Hence, Pagan dreams ! I mourn a Christian dead :
Avaunt ! his Christian friend a Christian weeps :
Hence, fabled gods, of doubt and folly bred !
Here ('twas his loftiest praise) a Christian sleeps.

Shall the pale meteor, whose illusive light
Through fogs and darkness gleam'd on Gentile
eyes,
Survive the reign of antiquated night,
To claim the empire of meridian skies ?

Hence, Pagan dreams ! Too oft poetic youth
In Grecian robe hath stalk'd on British plains ;
With hackney'd fiction deck'd the song of truth,
And pranced with freedom's air in classic chains.

O'er MASON's grave let nobler sorrows flow ;
O'er MASON's grave let nobler themes ascend :
Themes, that nor shame the head that rests below,
Nor him who mourns, but mourns in Hope, the
Friend.

Better, by Fancy if the robe be plann'd
That wraps the Poet in sepulchral state,
In British loom the purple woof expand,
With British hues the flowery verge dilate.

Yes, there are native flowers, to MASON dear,
By MASON nurs'd, that fairer tints might yield
Than those, the vaunted glory of the year,
Purloin'd from Latian or Achaian field.

Yes, with ideal honour's richest meed
The Bard, creative Fancy, would'st thou grace ;
Unfurl thy eagle wing, to MONA speed,
Her haunted rocks, her wizard caverns trace.

Pierce the dread midnight of her holiest wood,
The unhewn fane, the living * sphere obtest ;
Pause where of old the guileful Roman † stood,
And guilt and horror smote his iron breast.

There, on that turf, to sacred grief consign'd,
Beneath the central oak's mysterious shade,
Where pale in death Arviragus reclin'd,
Even on that turf be MASON's reliques laid.

Thither, from dens beneath, from cliffs above,
Let Druids, Bards, a sorrowing throng, repair :
There let each dark-rob'd Priestess of the grove
Whirl the red torch, and shake her streaming
hair.

* The rocking-stone.

† Aulus Didius.—See the first Scene of Caractacus.

Then let the frantic burst of woe rebound
In wildest symphony from every steep !
Then ring, ye “ notes that Mona’s Bards should
“ sound ; ”
Then gush, ye “ tears that Mona’s Bards should
“ weep * ! ”

Or, Fancy, seek in Harewood’s shade the dell,
Where Edgar’s falchion pierc’d the rival youth ;
Where votive spires the fond memorial tell
Of widow’d anguish and connubial truth †.

The cloister pafs, the aisle’s meridian gloom,
The hallow’d portals of the choir uncloſe,
Near God’s high altar where, in marble tomb,
The bones of sainted Athelwold repose.

* See the Dirge sung over the dead body of Arviragus.—MASON’s Poems, vol. iii. p. 14.

† See the last Scene in Elfrida.

Mark where aloft the pitying Angel weeps ;

Behold the speaking bust, the laurell'd urn :

Then, by the tomb where Harewood's Chieftain
sleeps,

For Harewood's Bard a kindred tomb adorn.

There let the virgin train their sorrows blend ;

There, as for Athelwold, Elfrida sigh ;

And wrathful Orgar, as he mourn'd a friend,
Veil the red lustre of his tearful eye.

Yet why to scenes of imitative grief

Direct the wanderings of a troubled heart ?

In vain would genuine sorrow court relief

From gayest fictions of poetic art.

See Aston's fane her groaning valves expand,

- In fable woe receive her Pastor dead ;

See round his bier, no mimic mourners, stand

The friends he cherish'd, and the flock he fed.

Mark from its height the solemn organ breathe ;
'Twas his own hand that plac'd the music
there :
List to the infant choir that chaunts beneath ;
'Twas his own task their early song to rear.

Behold the white-rob'd Minister of Heav'n
(Such was he once !) the hallow'd rites begin ;
Tell of the grave subdued, a Saviour giv'n,
Life without end, and bliss unstain'd by sin.

Hark ! Heard ye not the grating cords withdrawn ?
Then sought Mortality her last abode ;
There waits the blush of that eternal dawn,
Which " bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Hark ! " Earth to earth—" The lifted spade behold !
With listening awe behold each face o'erspread !—
With fullen sound the emblematic mould
Drops on the hollow mansion of the dead !

“ Ashes to ashes”—Yet again the sound !

Accordant groans from every breast reply.

“ Dust to—” In sobs the failing voice is drown’d :

The bursting sorrows stream from every eye.

Clos’d be the funeral scene ! On seraph wing

Let Hope the dead pursue to realms above ;

View him to meet his blest MARIA spring,

Nor fear the agonies of sever’d love.

For Hope was his, and Faith’s celestial ray :

Faith could the gloom of sever’d love assuage * ;

Brighten’d in manhood’s golden prime the lay †,

And warm’d with holy flame the song of age ‡.

* See the Epitaph on his Wife.

† See the Elegy on the Death of a Lady.

‡ See the Sonnets on the Anniversay of his Birth-Day 1795 and 1796. A third, on the Anniversary in the present year, (Feb. 23, 1797,) was communicated by him to some of his friends. The Author was then seventy-two.

His breast, of lawless anarchy the foe,
For Britain swell'd with Freedom's patriot zeal * ;
Nor thus confin'd, for every clime could glow,
And in a Slave's a Brother's wrongs could feel :

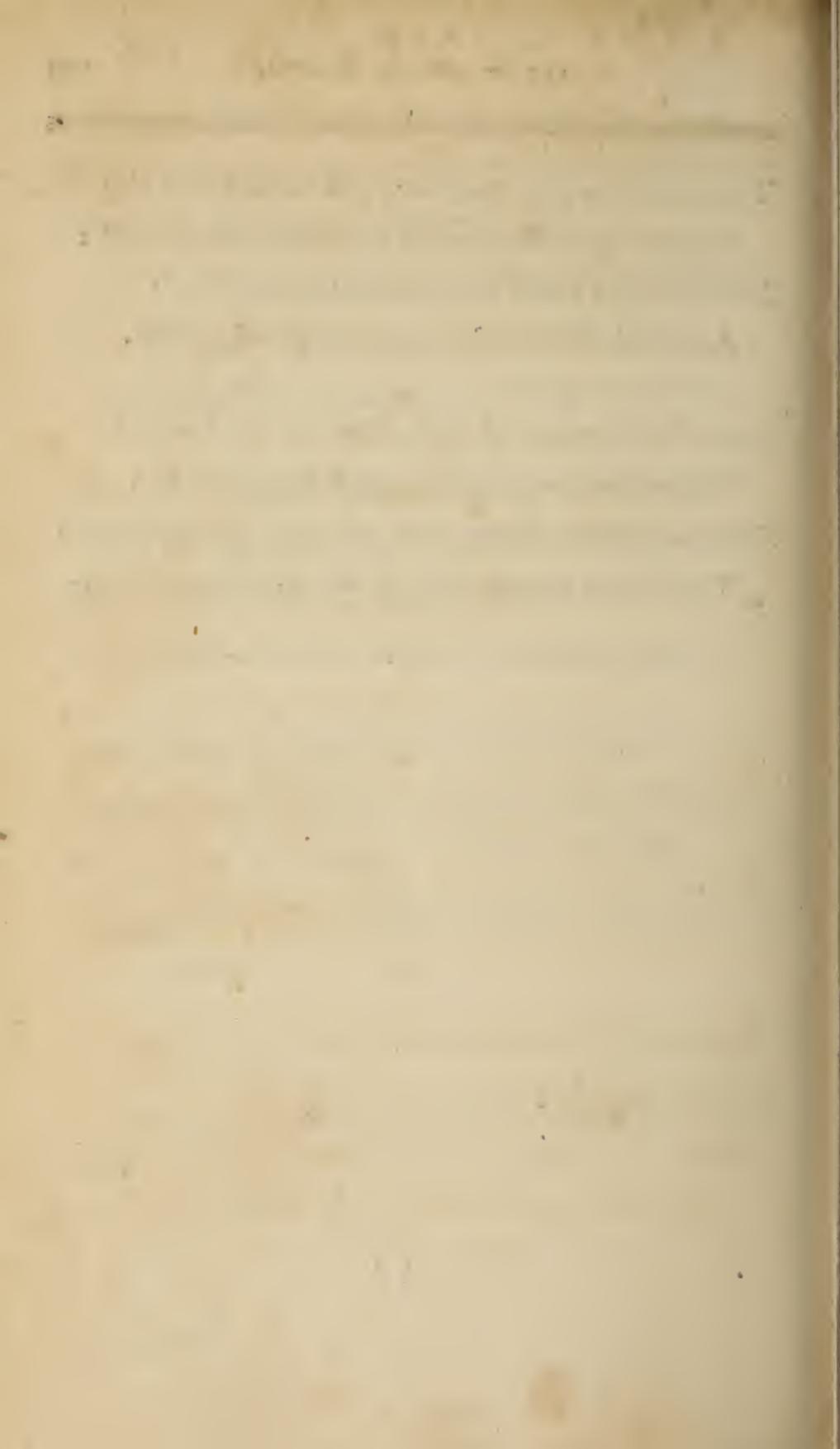
Could feel, o'er Afric's race when Avarice spread
Her bloody wing, and shook in scorn the chain ;
While Justice, hand in hand by Mercy led,
To Christian senates cried, and cried in vain !

Now their new guest the sacred hosts include,
They who on earth with kindred lustre shone ;
Whom love of God to love of Man subdu'd,
Nor Pride nor Avarice fear'd the heart to
stone.

* See the Secular Ode on the Anniversary of the Revolution
1688.

There shall he join the Bards whose hallow'd aim
Sought from the dross of earth the soul to raise :
Disdain'd the meed of perishable fame,
And sunk the Poet's in the Christian's praise.

There 'mid empyreal light shall hail his GRAY ;
There MILTON thron'd in peerless glory see ;
The wreath that flames on THOMSON's brow survey ;
The vacant crown that, COWPER, waits for thee.



E P I T A P H

ON THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

BRITAIN ! If strains that Greece had joy'd to own,
Strains that symphonious to the Druid's lyre,
While Freedom linger'd on her tottering throne,
Breathed o'er the soul the glow of patriot fire ;

Britain ! If strains like these can touch thy heart ;
Or lays that flow'd, when Taste, by Nature led,
O'er her wild beauties flung the grace of Art ;
Here duteous bend before thy Mason dead !

So, till from Heaven the knell of earth is rung,
Till the Last Flames thy sylvan pomp invade,
So mayst Thou grasp the Liberty he sung,
So bloom thine Isle the Garden he pourtray'd !

Swell then from all thy realms thy Poet's praise—
Hark to the nobler praise that shakes the skies !
See Angel Myriads on his marble gaze :
Hear raptured Seraphs—“There a Christian lies !”

TO

M Y S O N,

ON THE

DESTRUCTION OF NEEDWOOD FOREST.

Written in May, 1803.

REMOTE in station, not in heart,
In home concerns you bear a part :
Nor, wrapt in Dunham's groves, disdain
The fate of Needwood's wild domain.

While Fancy, wak'd from visions gay
To share the peaceful joys of May,
Beholds a sable cloud advance
Charged with thy wrath, ambitious France !
And hears again thy thunders roar,
Britain ! o'er many a distant shore :

Contiguous foes in close array
Our sympathetic eyes survey ;
Our sympathetic ears abhor
The mournful sound of nearer war.

Encamp'd on yonder southern hill
That sloping fronts the Forest-Mill ;
To pity deaf, in martial train,
Their arms far gleaming on the plain,
At day-break issues forth the host :
Aloft in air the steel is tost :
Man urges Man ; stroke cries to stroke :
Loud-crashing falls th' astonish'd oak.
Wide and more wide the slaughter spreads :
Successive woodlands bow their heads.
The birds their ruin'd haunts forsake :
The squirrel flies the echoing brake :
And glancing trouts their terrors hide
Beneath the brook's impending side.
Stretch'd on the desolated steep,
And drench'd in more than wintry sleep,
The mighty victims lie ; nor dream
Of lightning braved, of freshening stream,

Or vernal gale, or summer fun.

Their joys are past : their course is run.

Yet, while beside her sylvan friends
In fond regret Affection bends :
O'erstep not, Grief ! thy just extent ;
Nor stain her tears with discontent.

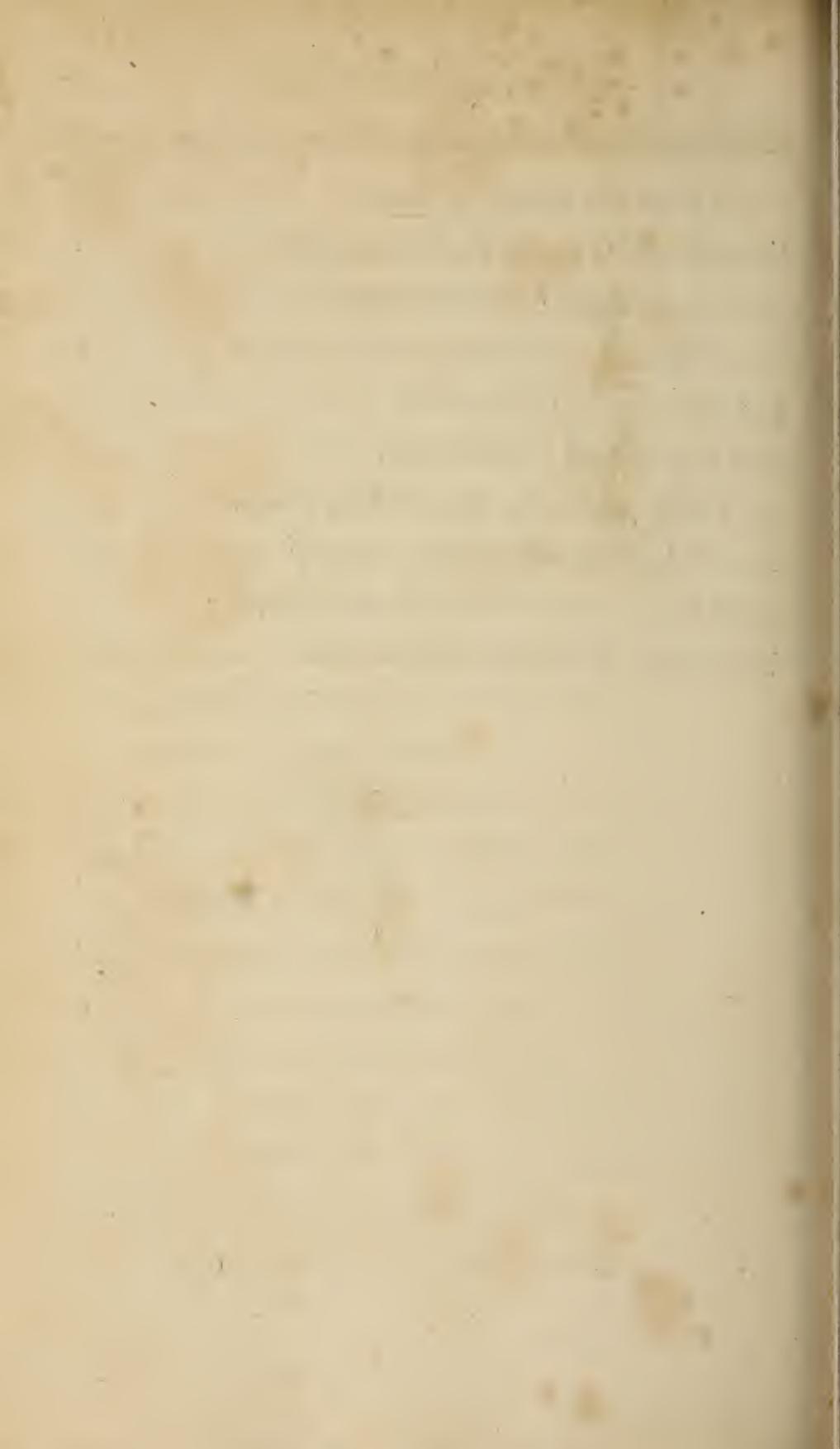
If patriot Care, that feels for all,
Slow-pondering, dooms yon shades to fall :
If Law demands their native bed
To enlarge a kingdom's scanty bread :
If Albion's flocks and Albion's kine
'Midst insufficient limits pine :
Own we the call, " To others do
" What render'd ye could wish to you :"
Be every selfish thought withheld,
And grief absorb'd in general good.

If long facilities of ill,
Nursed and matured by lonely Skill,
Needwood ! thine ample verge around
The sense of Right and Wrong confound :
If screen'd by gloomy Solitude
Through the deep wood marauders rude

By day, by night, range unrepreſt,
Nor ſpare the Sabbath's holy reſt :
If Crimes from ſmall transgrefſions flow ;
If pilfering stealth to rapine grow ;
If deer purloin'd by trespass bold
Train up the plunderer of the fold,
The wanderer of the dusk prepare
The mansion's bolted strength to dare :
With Toil if Virtue hand in hand
Approach ; if Sloth, if Fraud expand,
As neighbouring shades are ſwept away,
Her breast to evangeliſc day :
Serene we mark the Foreſt nod,
And yield our much-loved oaks to God.

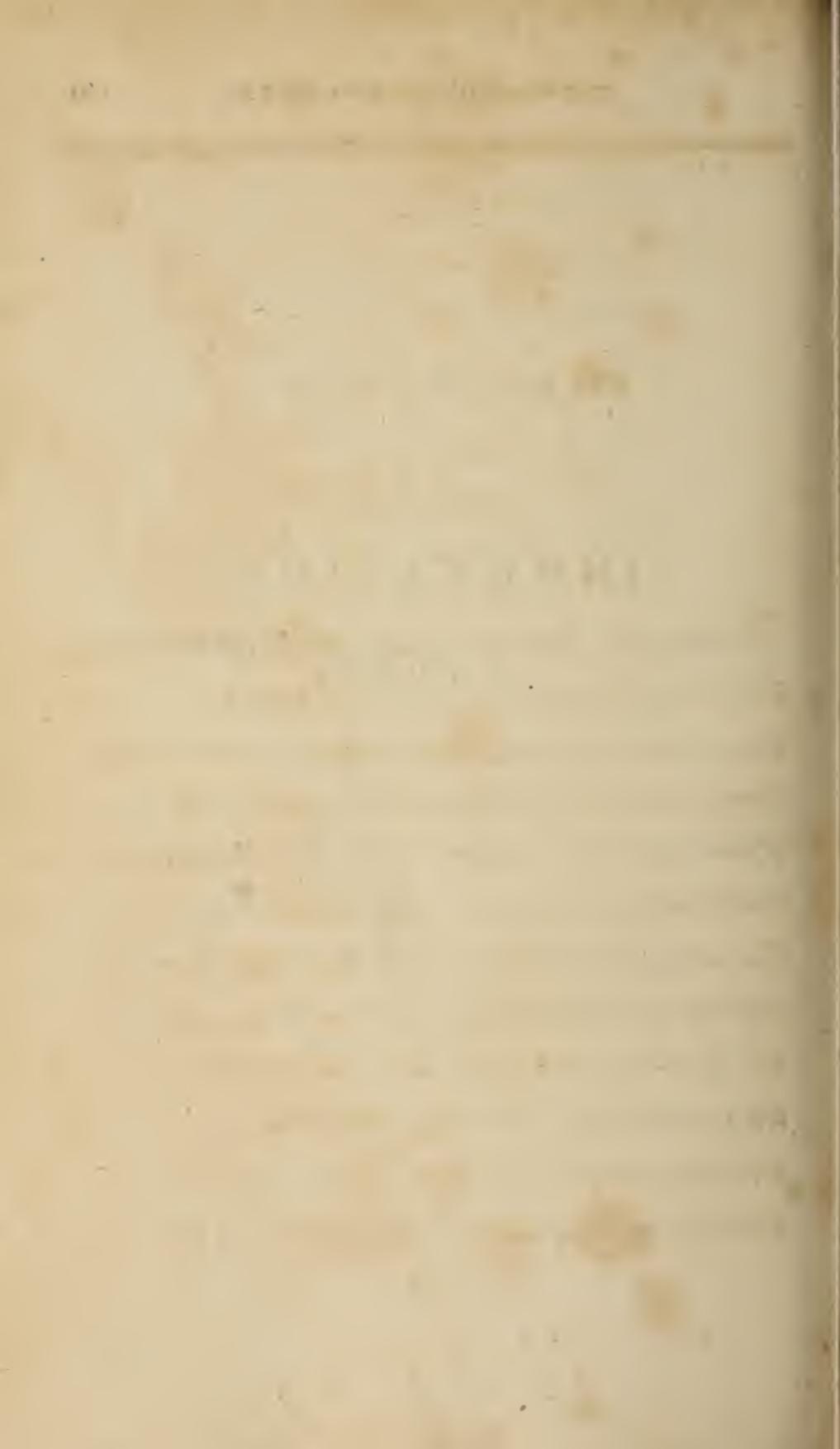
So Lebanon ! with thundering ſhock
When plunging prone from rock to rock
At Hiram's word thy cedars die ;
Havock's bare arm with louring eye
The nations view. But when they hear
The trunks JEHOVAH'S FANE ſhall rear ;
Delight transforms each angry gaze,
And murmurs change to grateful praife.

Yet from the biting axe secure
Some favour'd scenes shall still endure.
And as, in Barca's wild forlorn,
The Pilgrim's eye at peep of morn
Beholds a green Oasis smile,
Mid seas of sand a tufted isle :
So These, while o'er surrounding plains
In tedious fameness Culture reigns,
Shall shine, preserved by faithful Taste,
Memorials of the beauteous waste.



INNOVATION:

A POEM.



INNOVATION.

'Tis March ! How warm this cottage-garden spreads
Full to the Southern clime its little beds !
Here, time-worn pales the searching North oppose ;
There, intertwined thorns the entrance close :
While gooseberries renown'd for luscious juice,
Mix'd with the fragrant briar, those for use
Cultured, for pleasure this, combine their screen,
And tip the lengthening bud with early green.
Lo, half conceal'd from each incurious view
By wither'd sage and ever-verdant rue,
Yon snow-drops, heralds of the opening year,
Through melting drifts in kindred vesture peer.

Their modest heads the florets bend to earth,
And seem to shun the beams that gave them birth :
While, boldly venturing from the guardian hedge,
The crocus, posted on the border's edge,
Expands her bosom to the noon-tide rays,
And all her golden cups return the blaze.
Hark ! round yon hive the busy murmur rings.
What crowds in frolic circles ply their wings,
Reviving suns in glad commotion hail,
And drink the freshness of the vernal gale !
While these in sports their vacant raptures pour,
Those wiser haunt the new-discover'd flower ;
Each fragrant cell explore, each nectar'd fold,
Glean the new wax, and load their thighs with gold.
Propt on his spade behold the owner stand,
And watch, absorb'd in thought, th' industrious band :
While Hope, exulting many a month before,
Computes the weight of their autumnal store.
With calmer tide when sanguine passions roll,
And Peace and Musing harmonise the soul,

What charms hath simple Nature ! O'er the heart
A pensive pleasure steals : the toys of Art—
“ Nature !” exclaims a Critic, while surprise
Wrinkles his brow, dilates his angry eyes ;
“ What mighty charms can barren Nature shew ?
“ Nature, grown old five thousand years ago :
“ Nay, thrice five thousand—thanks to modern lore,
“ That lying Hebrew can delude no more—
“ The charms of simple Nature ! Grant them true :
“ With simple Nature what hast thou to do ?
“ Of yore, as when the infant’s drawling tongue
“ Forms its vile cadence to the Nurse’s song ;
“ Dandled in Nature’s arms, poetic brains
“ Tun’d to her chords their monotonic strains :
“ And, darkling still, from beams of modern day
“ Yon rhymers turn ; and Cowper leads the way.
“ Shall bards then trace, in Freedom’s reign, the plan
“ By poets hackney’d since the world began ;
“ Greet with obedient faith each pedant rule
“ Enforced in Homer’s antiquated school ;

“ Pace the dull track of old by Virgil trod ;
“ And still, like children, crouch to Nature’s rod !
“ Lo, Innovation, every wing unfurl’d,
“ Sails all-transforming o’er th’ awaken’d world ;
“ Redeems from error’s grasp the free-born mind,
“ Reforms, illumines, blesses all mankind ;
“ To heights unknown exalts each liberal art ;
“ Tears up inveterate systems from the heart ;
“ Bids king and noble to the mob return ;
“ Views in one pile crowns, sceptres, titles, burn ;
“ Her dungeon’d prey bids Tyranny release ;
“ Cries, ‘ War to thrones, but to the cottage peace ! ’
“ Rains Trees of Liberty on realms of slaves,
“ And high in air ten thousand scions waves :
“ Sweeps from his lurking-hole the wily priest,
“ Creeds, that degrade the human to the beast ;
“ Bids, while sage Godwin’s lessons to decry
“ Men, slaves of custom, obstinately *die*,
“ Bids welcome Truth the closing eyelid steep
“ In tranquil dews of never-ending sleep :

“ Bids Reason bow the Nations to her nod,
“ Throned in the seat of an exploded God.
“ Scorn of regenerate Man, shall bards alone
“ The call of Sense and Liberty disown ?
“ Writ’st thou for praise, for pleasure, or for
“ pay,
“ Hail Innovation’s beatific sway ;
“ Bask in the glare of her unclouded beams,
“ And quaff delirious rapture from her streams.”

Thanks for thy counsel, be it worst or best.
Critic, the school that form’d thee is confest :
And well thy dogmas with that school accord ;
No school of Nature, nor of Nature’s Lord !
Yet many a claimant of poetic bays,
Child of that school, in these enlighten’d days,
Crafty in years, or ignorant in youth,
Contemns the path of Nature and of Truth ;
Prepared the luckles reader to beguile
By alter’d principles and alter’d style.

And though fleet Giffard * his indignant thong
Cracks, as he drives the motley troop along :
Though (train'd to nobler prey) yon archer band
Take in the public track † their humble stand,
Rouse with the opening dawn the noxious game,
And rear by weekly toil perennial fame :
Though he ‡, by all explored, to all unknown,
Who tears all vizors while he guards his own,
With shouts from twenty throats the foe alarms,
And wields alike antique and modern arms :
Lo, still new tribes th' eternal war provoke,
And rise like Lerna's heads beneath the Victor's stroke.
So, when the barn devouring rats invade,
Arm'd with the vengeful weapons of his trade,
The Foe of vermin walks his annual round ;
Traps, dogs, and ferrets clear the haunted ground :

* Author of the Baviad and Mæviad.

† The Authors of the poetry in the Anti-Jacobin newspaper.

‡ The Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

Swarming ere long another brood appears,
And gnaws the plenty of succeeding years.

Yes, bards can innovate. Full many a wight,
Pen, paper, inkstand, all prepared to write,
Hears, as it seems, a sage adviser say ;

“ Would’st thou, when scarce the efforts of a day
“ Squeeze from thy brain ten little drops of sense,
“ With lavish hand the modicum dispense ?
“ Husband thy treasure ; spread it broad and thin :
“ Let gloss without hide emptiness within.
“ Art thou exhausted ? Mark thy neighbour’s store :
“ Let scatter’d fragments of productive ore,
“ Drawn from a plunder’d predecessor’s mine,
“ Amid thy drofs with tarnish’d lustre shine.
“ Let sleekest mantles of euphonic art
“ To meagre sentiment a grace impart.
“ Hot-pres’d, wire-woven, let thy snowy page
“ With Bulmer’s type the vacant mind engage :
“ Or if the mind the weak attempt defy,
“ Still win the ear, still captivate the eye.”

From line to line the flickering splendors run,
As varnish'd tea-boards glitter in the sun.
See garish Ornament, with painted face,
No more content to hold the second place,
In gay confusion, human and divine,
False, true, old, modern, present, past, combine ;
O'er allegoric hyperbolic verse
Trope after trope, an endless shower, disperse ;
Huge similes from page to page unroll,
And form the texture of the flimsy whole.
So, classic rills where Tiber's fountains pour,
Some self-exalted Claudio of the hour,
Of brilliance prating, toils to deck more bright
His pictures gaudy with excess of light.
From side to side a tinsel lustre plays ;
Sky, rock, hill, water, wood, renew the blaze :
Again the artist scans the landscape round ;
Travels with gilding touch from ground to ground :
And when at length, survey'd at distance due,
The work, now deem'd complete, enchant's his view,

A sober corner spies, the brush resumes,
Another and another speck illumes ;
Nor lets one solitary spot disclose
The simple charm of shadow and repose.

From style subdued, to bolder flights the bard
Adventurous turns, nor finds th' adventure hard.
From vulgar shackles freed, his liberal strain
Bids us the links of prejudice disdain :
And, as from prose, no less we learn from song
The glorious truth, “ Whatever is, is wrong.”
The firm established, all arrangements made,
Well form'd, well freighted, for their novel trade,
Poetic merchantmen to every gale
In Folly's service hoist the ready sail.
Their barks by inland navigation glide
To every creek of her domestic tide ;
Glean from each county with discernment nice
For every palate an appropriate vice :
Then by each town and village anchor cast,
And feed their thousands with the rich repast.

Next with full canvas from their native strand
The helm they ply to many a foreign land ;
To marts remote in quest of mischief roam,
And bear with joy the precious cargo home.
Their barks import; to mend our slavish laws,
Fraternal maxims, philosophic faws,
That teach how blest, Equality, thy sway ;
How blest, where all command and none obey !
Their barks import the sceptic note absurd,
The shallow cavil at the Sacred Word,
The gibe, the blundering scoff, that, here de-
vised,
Then 'cross the Channel sent, at home despised,
A Briton's fancy yet may chance to hit,
New-cloth'd, and trimmed with lace of Gallic
wit.
Their barks import, to renovate the age,
New Codes of Morals from the German stage.
Thence Guilt arrives in gorgeous robes array'd ;
Till, at the glare while modest virtues fade,

By Etna's light as stars and planets faint,
We rank a *Robber* * higher than a Saint.
Thence too we learn how, shipwreck'd in Pellew,
A Husband, hamper'd by conjectures new,
Lord of two wives, this wedded in the isle,
That disembarking from his native soil,
By each assail'd, to give up either loth,
Concludes in partnership to keep them both † :
How with accordant sway the charmers reign,
And bring the patriarchal days again.

When damps mephitic to the darken'd skies
In wide-extended effervescence rise ;
We cannot wonder the poetic tribe
A portion of the floating gas imbibe.
When tongues, that cry to all the human race,
Shake universal Nature on her base ;

* In allusion to a well-known Drama, by Schiller.

† In allusion to a recent Drama, by Kotzebue.

No wonder nerves, to every passing tone
Keenly alive, the general impulse own.
And well that Siren tongue may lull the ear,
The heart expand, the ardent bosom cheer,
That tells of Slaves to liberty restored ;
Of ploughshares temper'd from the useless sword ;
Of equal laws that bind and bless the whole,
And ties fraternal linking pole to pole.
But first the deeds of Innovation prove :
Try by her fruits her title to our love.
And though we grant in many a distant land
Augēan stables ask her cleansing hand ;
Though on our public pile a spot or stain
Of human imperfection yet remain ;
Say, shall our country's welfare meet its doom
Beneath the twigs of her relentless broom ?
But let her come ; and, as she wins her way,
The wonted trophies of her might display :
High o'er the frantic crowd in triumph swing
The gory visage of a murder'd king ;

From thronged scaffolds toss the patriot's head ;
Banish the Senator, or smite him dead ;
Hear, as she stalks, deluded nations groan,
Equal in guilt and misery alone :
Then at the house of God direct her ire,
Shake the tall pillar, cleave the nodding spire ;
Melt the huge bell to cannon, and for balls
Strip coffin'd reliques of their leaden walls ;
Sell the bare pile a theatre to raze,
Or bid it for her Guards a kitchen blaze ;
Or, as the Saviour's birthplace to deride,
Stable her war-horse at the altar's side :
Unbar the floodgates of licentious rage,
Bid the wild torrent spare nor sex nor age ;
Till, as to every wind the streams divide,
Law, Custom, Order, sink beneath the tide :
And if some bolder spirits nobly strive
To save some sparks of antient worth alive ;
As seamen, rolling in the briny grave,
At times emerge and struggle with the wave

Pour down her cataracts with deepening roar,
Till the red deluge swims from shore to shore !

But Peace and Plenty mark her equal reign ;
And bliss peculiar crowns the village train !
Consult yon hind—Did claims of rent expire,
When *Citizen* assumed the place of 'Squire ?
Gains he another field, now Lords are flown ?
Pays he less impost, now the tithes are gone ?
Beholds that cottager new pleasures wait,
And sue for entrance at his humble gate ?
Discerns he none ? Then may he boast the old
Still undiminish'd in this Age of gold ;
Beneath his lowly roof in peace repose,
And take in safety what his God bestows ;
Survey at ease his garden's vernal pride,
The scythe athwart his loaded meadow guide,
From Autumn's wealth the pendent bough relieve,
With crackling faggots cheer the winter eve ?
The sun is set : the daily task is o'er :—
Lo, military ruffians burst the door ;

With savage eye the sons, the father scan,
Stern REQUISITION scowling in the van.
May one escape ? The knell of all is rung :
“ Nor this,” She cries, “ too old, nor that too young :”
Then sends the pinion’d slaves the sword to wield,
And fight *for Freedom* in a distant field.

“ Dreamer !” I hear the critic voice reply :
“ What, with our grandfathers did Wisdom die ?
“ Shall Man to torpid sloth inglorious bend,
“ Nor step by step Perfection’s height ascend ?
“ Shall a vain sound, by interested fear
“ Rung like a ’larum in the public ear,
“ Watchword of Folly, Ignorance, and Pride,
“ For ever check Improvement’s rolling tide ?
“ Art thou of change, because ’tis change, the foe ?
“ Friend of all wrong, because establish’d ?”—No.
When Innovation with impartial scales
Decides that evil over good prevails ;
By righteous means promotes a righteous plan ;
To God gives glory, happiness to man :

To prosperous gales be all her wings unfurl'd ;
Swift be their flight, and may they shade the world !
Then, whether laws unjust or undefined
Sons of one state with links unequal bind ;
When Ignorance, that leans on tyrant Might,
Seals the barr'd entrance, and excludes the light ;
Through Superstition's fog with alter'd mien
And giant port when Heavenly Truth is seen :
Then may all Lands that fraud and force enthrall
Hear Innovation's spirit-stirring call ;
And as it hears may every region smile
As free and happy, Britain, as thine isle :
Or, that too little, smile if more may be,
Than Britain's isle more happy and more free !
But when, regardless of what millions feel,
She sports at random with a nation's weal ;
Becomes to Selfishness a willing tool ;
Plucks down a chief to bid his rival rule ;
Pretends a blessing, and bequeaths a curse ;
The good to bad transforms, the bad to worse ;

Turns to an iron curb a teasing rein ;
Removes a cord, and fastens on a chain ;
Faith disavows as antiquated lies ;
Abjures th' Eternal Monarch of the skies ;
Views bleeding Nature shrink beneath her rod,
Alike the foe of Freedom and of God :
O soon may He, who shakes this tottering ball,
His vengeful Minister of wrath recall ;
Some milder scourge bid guilty nations feel,
And bright with beams of love his pitying face reveal !

T H E E N D.

